

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1868

FEBRUARY 22, 1908

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LIFE AND LETTERS

It appears that the "great address" presented to Mr. George Meredith on his eightieth birthday, signed by a large number of very distinguished and important people (and an almost equal number of quite undistinguished and unimportant people) was organised by Mr. Clement Shorter! There is something exceedingly comic in the idea that all these distinguished and important people should have consented to range themselves with sheep-like docility under the banner of Mr. Shorter. That an address should be presented to one who is (with the possible exception of Mr. Hardy) our greatest living novelist on his eightieth birthday is very right and proper, but surely the organisation of such a scheme should have been placed in the hands of someone less remotely connected with literature than Mr. Shorter. We presume that this gentleman is responsible for the text of the "address" itself. If so, we can only say that it is worthy of its author. Anything more undistinguished and uninspired it is hard to imagine. It is to be regretted that what might have been made a graceful and noteworthy compliment to a venerable figure in contemporary literature has been turned into a highly unnecessary advertisement of a second-rate journalist.

Literature has sustained an undoubted loss, chiefly in the department of direction, by the death of Sir James Knowles, which took place unexpectedly on February 13th. He will be remembered as the founder of the *Nineteenth Century*, of which he remained proprietor and editor until his death, and perhaps equally as the founder of the Metaphysical Society. He rendered service by combining in both unities men of the most divergent views, such as Gladstone, Manning,

Huxley, Tyndall, Ward the idealist, Froude, Ruskin, Stanley, and Mark Pattison; and the four survivors, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Seeley, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Arthur Balfour. If we are not mistaken, he never succeeded in attracting to the society, at least, a writer of perhaps wider personal influence than any of these—Newman.

Though the *Nineteenth Century* has always been rather over ponderous, its comprehensive liberality cannot be denied. If representation in its pages cannot be taken exactly as a title to fame, most of the well-known writers of the period have contributed something to them. As an earnest of the continuance of its high tradition, Sir James was careful to associate the first number of the twentieth century with the name of Mr. Swinburne. Moreover, Sir James kept his editorship singularly free from those accesses of fury or favour which often deprive earlier reviews of any critical value. The slow course of the *Nineteenth Century* has not been erratic. Sir James's achievements as a practical architect are not of much importance, and when they go the way of other modern London buildings, their departure will not cause much regret. Indeed, the fact of their present existence will cause some surprise, since Sir James's connection with architecture has been almost forgotten. The knighthood conferred on him in 1903 was, we presume, in recognition of his literary services. He accepted it with a charming complacency, and no one will grudge him the recognition which his kindly, broad-minded and intellectual editorship justly deserved.

Mr. Stead, diverting himself for a moment from the consideration of ghosts and Dreadnoughts, has been holding a symposium in the *Review of Reviews* on the great question of Food, Drink, and Tobacco. One wonders, by the way, how such a term as "symposium" is tolerated in advanced circles. Surely "a high tea" were more decent, since, in spite of the immense progress that has been made in popular education, there are still many people who know that "symposium" really means a drinking-party. However, passing by this scruple, it is deeply interesting to learn the opinions of our great men on these great questions. Mr. Bernard Shaw says smoking is "a filthy habit"; Mr. Frederic Harrison says it is "a beastly habit"; while the more courtly Sir Theodore Martin merely says that he has always had an "extreme dislike" for tobacco.

But it is a Dr. Fairbairn—a Dissenting teacher, we believe—who speaks the most precious words. Socialism and Positivism are somewhat intolerant in their damnation of a habit for which they have no leanings, but Dissent—if Dr. Fairbairn be a Dissenter—is quite frankly idiotic. Here is the dictum:

As to drink and tobacco, I know neither. He who does his work in the strength of either fails to do it well. Work done by the strength of wine, or the soothing influence of the pipe, is certain to be ill-done.

A pleasing instance, this, of the "simple Bible teaching" that Dr. Fairbairn would like to see universal. It is odd enough that the sects which have been howling their devotion for the Bible—"the dear old Bible," "the grand old Book," "the Bible the religion of Protestants," "the Bible and nothing but the Bible," etc., etc., etc.—for so many years, should be notorious

and constant in their opposition both to the letter and spirit of the collection of canonical writings given by the council to the Church.

This is not a question of opinion, it is a matter of fact. Not only does the Psalmist praise wine as one of the greatest of the material blessings bestowed on men, not only is the symbol of the vineyard and the vine of constant recurrence in the Old Testament—the vineyard signifying Israel as God designed it to be—not only was the first miracle that the Christ wrought, the turning of water into the very best wine, not only have we the record that the Christ was blamed because He ate and drank with publicans and sinners; but one of the elements of the great Christian Sacrament—that Sacrament which, according to Coleridge, is Christianity—is wine, and heaven itself is to be a drinking of the juice of the vine. And these Dissenting people are the knights of the Bible, enemies to the death of the Sacerdotalists, who, they say, would take the Good Book and its simple teaching from the poor little children!

And these considerations apart, take Dr. Fairbairn's remarks from the simple point of their truth or falsity, as a statement of a fact, or of what pretends to be a fact. "Work done by the strength of wine . . . is certain to be ill done." Witness, we suppose, those dull and clumsy odes of Horace; witness the Platonic philosophy; witness, in a word, the whole of ancient and ninety-nine hundredths of modern literature—or was that a "temperance" society that used to meet at the Mermaid, the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun?

Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad.

Clusters?—of gooseberries, one supposes Dr. Fairbairn would say. And as for tobacco; if Dr. Fairbairn, who knows nothing of tobacco, will be so kind as to excel the works of Hobbes, Carlyle, and Tennyson (to mention three names by chance), who all knew a good deal about tobacco—well, we shall be equally delighted and surprised.

The latest issue of the *Reliquary* (now edited by Rev. Dr. Cox, in succession to the late Mr. Romilly Allen) maintains a high standard. Mr. Tavenor Perry's drawings, illustrating his article on Abo, the ancient capital of Finland, are excellent. It is perhaps not generally known that the cathedral church of Abo is dedicated to an Englishman, St. Henry, a missionary bishop in the twelfth century. Some Essex brasses are dealt with, both in the above-named magazine and in the latest issue of the *Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society*. A historically valuable work is the transcribing and publication of ancient documents. The present volume contains a certain number of such records in the shape of inventories of church goods at Barking, Wakes Colne, Tolleshunt D'Arcy and Rainham, and medieval wills from the parish of Chigwell.

The *Home Counties Magazine* contains a further instalment of Mr. C. W. Forbes's notes on the Early Churches of South Essex; some records of parish history relating to East Kent, and an illustrated article on the picturesque moated house of Groombridge

Place. The parish church, rebuilt in 1625, is dedicated to "the most blessed Prince Charles"—but who is thereby intended remains a mystery.

It is, of course, quite natural that Tariff Reformers should claim the enormous reduction in the Liberal majority at Leeds as an indication that the electorate is coming round to their views. No doubt to a certain extent they are justified; but it is obvious to anyone who looks at the matter impartially that the chief cause of the remarkable change which has taken place in this extreme Radical stronghold is the growing revolt against the educational policy of the Government, and the arbitrary and unconstitutional methods of Mr. McKenna. The Roman Catholics of the constituency voted solidly in favour of the Conservative candidate, and this fact, we are informed, accounts for a turnover of at least 800 votes. It is safe to assume that the vast majority of Anglican Churchmen, a great many of whom "voted Liberal" at the last election, voted on this occasion for the other side. If the Unionist party had the sense to see it they would realise that religious education in the schools, and not Tariff Reform or any other "reform," is the policy which they ought to put in the forefront of their programme. We are not concerned here with the merits or demerits of the Tariff Reform policy, and we wish to express no opinion on that subject which is outside our province; but we are convinced that there are hundreds of thousands of men and women in this country who would cheerfully sacrifice their opinions on that question rather than allow their children to be handed over to "the abomination of desolation" which begins with simple Bible teaching and ends in "the New Theology" and unblushing Atheism.

The *Liverpool Courier* last week reported at length a very amusing lecture delivered by our contributor, Mr. Ross, on "Decay in Art and Literature," at the Independent Lecture Society, founded by Mr. S. G. Legge. Mr. Ross, in a very characteristic way, maintained that there was no such thing as "decay," a position we should not care to defend. But those who came to resist his contention remained to pay a tribute to the "eloquence, charm, and wit of the speaker," to quote the words of Professor Ramsay Muir.

It seems that we have not quite heard the last of the *Tribune*. At the present moment there are differences between the staff and the proprietors of London's late "penny Liberal daily paper." These are concerned with the matter of notice of dismissal. On the day of the paper's demise a meeting of the editorial staff was formally convened, and a committee empowered to administrate the furtherance of the staff's claims was duly elected. Last week an effort to resolve these differences in a peaceable settlement made by the London branch of the Institute of Journalists proved abortive, and there is now every reason to believe that the issue will be determined by a legal tribunal. One of the chief businesses of such a trial would be to pronounce on the validity or invalidity of certain documents issued to the members of the staff under remarkable circumstances exactly a month before the *Tribune* terminated its hazardous career. The public in general and the profession of journalists in particular will watch for the final disposition of events with peculiar interest.

WASTE GROUND AT ALDWYCH

(On finding fifty species of plants growing upon a vacant building site)

At Aldwych in the Strand,
Hoarded amid the noisy throng of men
Till they shall build again,
A little plot of brickstrewn vacant land,
Where late were marts and inns
And theatres where pleasures strove to drown
The restless cares of town,
Lies open to the will of wind and sun:
And of man's purpose none
Has power within the paling—neither sins
Nor any good deeds hap there—Nature free
Once again holds sovereignty.
Clovers white and crimson grow
Lusty on the lime below;
Lady's Fingers loved of Dane
Many a wound did staunch of old
Here before St. Clement's fane
Lift from sea-green leaves their gold;
Vesper-loving Campions who
Breathe from petals hung with dew
Incense while the bindweeds sleep,
Bid the moths their vigil keep;
Near's a little Elder sprung
That same tree that Judas hung,
King of common herbs or rare
Not a mole is here to scare;
Sheepsore of barren soil
And Soldier's Woundwort—harsh Milfoil—
That which first Achilles used
Oft for other hurts infused,
Leaves that lessen in an hour
Sombre melancholy's power;
Here's Waybred with bowery leaves
Elves may hide in safe as thieves
Till spider-fighting toads get hurt
And browse the edge for cure alert;
Jean Cherry, of whose fruit 'tis told
Our Lord gave Peter one to hold
With gentle counsel meet and wise
Nothing to scorn for little size,
The same that, brought from Asian soil,
Lucullus prized o'er golden spoil;
And Groundsel dear to cage-bred birds
And easy found as kindly words,
Whose root the Highland women wear
To guard against a witch's stare;
The Headache flower's flaunting red
That brings false rest like leman's bed;
The Corn sow-thistle rearing high
Its golden blossoms to the sky
Whose juicy leaves have here respite
From pilfering wild hare's appetite;
Fig, first-named tree in Holy Writ
Threatened of old but never smit;
Rose Willow-herbs with blossoms tall
And Shepherd's Purse that some do call
Pickpocket, stealing needed ground
And Coltsfoot fond of rubble mound.
I watch them from some bracken fern
Wondering to see how soon return
These pagan natives of the land
The moment man withdraws his hand.
The sun gleams bright on far St. Paul's
And on my ears the traffic falls
With hoot of car and hurry of feet
And is it bitter or is it sweet
To think how soon if we were gone
Wildflowers would clothe the ground whereon
We built and lived? Yet might be found
In these same flowers that star the ground

A promise that we shall not cease
When all we thought us perished is;
But even as the thistles there,
Borne upon some diviner air
Build nobler lives than man has seen
With all the best that we have been.

A. HUGH FISHER.

LITERATURE

A SANE CRITIC

Periods of European Literature. Vol. XII.: The Later Nineteenth Century. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A. (Blackwood, 5s. net.)

ALL our congratulations are due to Professor Saintsbury for his concluding volume of a very useful series. The period under survey—1850-1900—is, as the author remarks, one of the most interesting in the history of literature; and those who desire the help of a genial, sane, and learned guide to the literary accomplishment of the last fifty years should certainly consult this excellent text-book. Professor Saintsbury writes with an admirable sense of balance; he is always good-humoured, and he preserves an even mind between the excesses of the optimist and the pessimist schools of literary criticism. He does not think that Ibsen has rendered Shakespeare obsolete; he is far from believing that the canon of the sacred writings has been finally closed; and one is sure that he would disagree with Mr. George Moore's dictum—that the English language has become hopelessly vulgarised and useless for all the high purposes of art. Professor Saintsbury believes, and probably with good reason, that in the main that which has been is as that which will be; that so long as man is man his thought will have its interest and its beauties. On the one hand he would never yield an attentive ear to the nonsense which has been talked, which will doubtless be talked again, on the text that "Modern Science" has produced a New Heaven and a New Earth in letters; on the other hand he would refuse to despair of the future of good prose and good poetry because Haeckel can be bought for fourpence-halfpenny. No doubt Professor Saintsbury could produce many historic proofs to show that the most solemn follies pass and are forgotten; the "Higher Criticism," for instance, leaves him neither ecstatic nor angry, but merely amused; and so the book closes with a good hope for good work yet to be accomplished.

Of course there are faults to be found; or rather there are propositions which seem disputable rather than final, to the present writer at all events. One is inclined to doubt, for example, whether Professor Saintsbury is quite just to three very different authors—Dickens, Ibsen, and Zola. The first is dismissed as "fantastic"; the epithet being used so as to convey a slight note of disparagement. Is not such a conclusion founded on such a suppressed premiss of a highly dubious kind? Can we assent to the proposition that a fantasist, *qua* fantasist, is inferior to a writer who is not fantastic? Surely not; for if this were so how should we judge of Aristophanes, how of Rabelais, how of Hawthorne? "The Scarlet Letter" is a maze of exquisite and wonderful fantasy, but it is fantastic always; if it were not it were a squalid story of commonplace sinners. Professor Saintsbury is clearly of opinion that Dickens loses by his fantasy, and that Thackeray gains by his lack of that quality: may we be permitted to enter the plea that the proposition should be reversed? There is no beauty without

strangeness in the proportion; what is this strangeness but fantasy?

We are afraid that with respect to Ibsen Professor Saintsbury has been somewhat prejudiced by the follies of the Ibsenites—a horrid sect, truly. Professor Saintsbury, one fears, was forced to partake of the sour grapes which these people exhibited by the cart-load in the early 'nineties, and his teeth are a little on edge in consequence. It is not to be wondered at; still we must not suffer foolish praise and a more foolish propaganda to blind us to the very high merits of a very great man. "Ghosts" would suffer, doubtless, if compared with the greatest masterpieces; but let it be compared with the best work that has been done in England for the last twenty years, and it will seem great indeed. It is not necessary to be specific; everyone will recollect plays which have not only run for hundreds of nights but have been acclaimed as triumphs of admirable and serious art; and beside "Ghosts" these things are discerned to be mere emptiness, compact of false hair, grease-paint, and tinsel; not fantastic, certainly, but altogether phantasmal.

And one doubts whether the treatment of Zola be altogether judicious or judicial. It must be said at once that Professor Saintsbury allows Zola very high merit, and we can agree cordially with his repudiation of the absurd pseudo-scientific theories which Zola thought of as first principles of romance-writing. In fact it is probable that Zola's "scientific" method was to him as the smell of apples was to Schiller, as the *mascotte* is to the gambler, as the talisman is to a Mahomedan tribesman: a sort of charm which gave confidence and support through a laborious and terrible task. Seriously considered, of course, it was nothing, or worse than nothing; but we cannot agree with Professor Saintsbury that it did very much damage. One can admire and appreciate the Rougon-Macquart romances without bothering one's self about heredity or the exact influence of the great-aunt Dide—or whatever her name was: these "formulas," this "naturalism" business no doubt cheered and amused Zola, and, really, have done little or no damage to the work. Take "L'Œuvre," a book which Professor Saintsbury praises: it stands alone, a wonderful romance, a unique picture of the great and bitter struggle of art; who need care about determining Claude Lantier's place in that dismal genealogical tree of Rougon-Macquart? Claude Lantier is M. Chose, he is a type of the artist martyred, his history is a symbol of the horrible gulf that yawns between the Idea and the Masterpiece. His relationship to Nana, to the engine-driver of "La Bête Humaine" is of no consequence to the reader; it neither helps nor hinders.

Then there is another point. Professor Saintsbury reproaches Ibsen for the subject-matter of "Ghosts"; he reproaches Zola more strongly for the subject-matter of many of his books, of "Nana" and "La Terre" in especial. Now, is this a sound criticism? We doubt it gravely. "Nana," perhaps, is to be condemned on quite other grounds; it is a composite piece, half journalism (but wonderful journalism!), half tract (and what a tract!). It may fairly be said that the matter remains untransmuted; no more awful sermon as to the true nature of "gay" life has been preached, we may be sure, from any pulpit, no more tremendous illustration of the words, "the end of these things is Death," has ever been uttered; but, as Professor Saintsbury would remind us, these are pleas not to be uttered in the High Court of Art, and from the artistic point of view "Nana" must be condemned. It is a wonderfully clever novel, but it is nowhere raised up into the region of Universals. But with "La Terre" it is different. Here, again, we have a

tract of terrific power—if Monseigneur of Orleans were wise every priest in his archdiocese should be compelled to pass an examination in the book before receiving a cure of souls—but it is much more than a tract. Here, indeed, we are in the region of Universals. The plot is that of "King Lear," of "Père Goriot," and we must confess that for us the passions are more thoroughly purged by the pity and terror of "La Terre" than by the work of Balzac. There is something in the central idea of the *Soil of La Beaute* as a hideous and malignant divinity, a Moloch to whom all must pass by fire that seems great and antique and terrible in its dignity: this is surely true romance. In the book there are certainly many disgusting passages; but there are disgusting passages in Shakespeare, there are disgusting passages in Rabelais. It is possible to exalt the gutter to the stars; it is possible to make foulness part of a great scheme. And let it be remembered always that Zola, the Free-thinker, was above all a fair man: there is only one lovable character in "La Terre," and that is the choleric little parish priest, afflicted by the "mania of charity," who walked in a cassock green with age that his horrible poor might have bread. If Professor Saintsbury would but believe it there is more of the *prospective* in "La Terre" than in all the library that Miss Yonge left behind her.

It is a pity that the author has not clarified his style. He is over fond of the parenthesis, and sometimes one comes on sentences such as this:

A period which produced Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats; which saw the beginnings at least of the great French Romantic School and of Heine, the mighty autumn of Goethe, the shadowed genius of Leopardi; which had in England more especially, but also elsewhere, "second strings" of poets who in most other periods would have been worthy protagonists; which—in a manner of itself serving as a note of primacy—adopted and mastered as it thought fit, every department of its kind—epic, lyric, satire, even the poetical (if not exactly the theatrical-poetical) drama—such a period can have no gainsayers outside the ranks of the incompetent and the crocheteers.

But with all differences and deductions we can cordially recommend this most interesting and sympathetic study of modern European literature.

SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF'S REMINISCENCES

Rambling Recollections. By the RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., late British Ambassador in Spain. 2 vols. (Macmillan, 30s. net.)

SIR HENRY WOLFF tells us in his preface that his book is founded on no diary or record, and he might have added that it is built up without much method either. The result is an impression of listening to the casual conversation of a widely-experienced and thoughtful man of the world, now serious, now light; and that is a very good thing to listen to. If we might advise the reader, we should say that the best plan is to read such a book with breaks, not continuously. If one were staying in the same house with such a conversationalist, one would not want to listen to him absolutely without an interval all day; one would like space now and then to wonder in what sort of mood he would be at the next meal—reminiscent, or theoretical, or what not. Read in this way Sir Henry is delightful; read continuously there are moments when he might slightly pall, because writing, not for effect, but just as "the contents of the book—whether narrative or anecdotic—" "come unbidden into my memory," he is apt now and then simply to record the names of friends or acquaintances whom he met at this or that place in his diplomatic

career. In this respect Sir Henry's memory, which he modestly says is "not a bad one," is really extraordinary, recording who married whom or what became of So-and-so to an extent amazing to those who live in limited circles. It comes with practice, we suppose; in any case, it is a most valuable social gift. When, however, the people mentioned are not remarkable or interesting, or when nothing remarkable or interesting is told of them, the mention of them does not appeal very strongly to readers who are not acquainted with them. That is absolutely the only criticism we have to make, and it does not go far, for this habit of recording names simply completes the likeness to average good conversation.

The matter of the volumes varies considerably. Sometimes it consists of good stories—and Sir Henry has a multitude to tell—sometimes of careful exposition of complex political situations, sometimes of studies—as of "geomancy," in which Sir Henry is an expert. We need not follow him in detail through his useful career as his country's representative. His best early work was perhaps in the settlement of the Ionian Islands question; his best later work in Persia, where he saw very clearly the issues which have been decided in our recent treaty with Russia. Of his Parliamentary activities at home he does not say much, and of the Fourth Party very little indeed. Probably Mr. Winston Churchill's book on his father and Mr. Harold Gorst's on the Fourth Party seemed to Sir Henry to have covered the ground sufficiently. We cannot but regret, however, that he does not give us more of his personal memories of that epoch, for, after all, he was there, on the scene, and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Harold Gorst were not, however close to the primal authorities.

It is always curious to note, in reading reminiscences written late in life, how the pranks and high spirits of youth peep out (when that part is in question) under the grave manner. Sir Henry Wolff has a story of how he, Sir Arthur Otway, and Colonel Gordon-Cumming saw Louis Napoleon proclaimed President in the guise of members of the National Guard, provided with muskets, and presenting arms when the Prince-President approached. One would suppose that this spree was the most natural way of seeing the show. In the same way he tells us, as the late Mr. Frederick Leveson-Gower told us in his reminiscences, that he frequented Lola Montes' house in Half Moon Street, when that enterprising lady came to London after being driven out of Bavaria, and one might have a kind of idea that her receptions were stately ceremonials; we do not mean to suggest that they were not decorous, but gay and rollicking we may surely hope they were. Sir Henry was one of the brilliant society of the Owls, knew Taglioni, Bulwer Lytton, Kinglake—but he knew everybody, and tells us much that is to the point. Some letters he prints are extremely interesting, notably one from Mr. Arthur Balfour in Fourth Party days, and one from Disraeli after the Berlin Congress; the latter, indeed, is extremely important for a right understanding of Disraeli's aims and achievement, and should not be missed. He is evidently interested in the occult, and, besides the study of "geomancy" referred to above, has tales to tell of clairvoyants, especially a wonderful Egyptian known as the Sheikha, and of curious premonitions.

And as for the good stories—well, they should be read in their places, that the genial flavour which comes of their quietly humorous setting may not be missed. Humour is their chief quality, and humour must have its right context. "If it were my misfortune," says Sir Henry Wolff, "to write any sequel to this book, I should have much to say that space has now forced me to omit." His misfortune would be our exceeding gain, and we appeal to his altruism.

EAST AND WEST.—II.

"*Religio Laici*" *Judaica, the Faith of a Jewish Layman.* By LAURIE MAGNUS. (Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.)

The Crescent versus the Cross. By HALIL HALID. (Luzac and Co.)

IN the first part of this article, which appeared on the 8th of February, we were able to notice little more than the bare existence of Mr. Laurie Magnus's and Halil Halid Efendi's books, "'Religio Laici' *Judaica*" is a collection of essays partly re-written, which were contributed by Mr. Magnus to the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Jewish World*. His primary object is to preserve Judaism from the innovations advocated by Mr. Claude Montefiore. We must remember that Judaism has long lost perforce its sacrificial character, at least in practice. We must also premise that further modifications were made under the influence of the leaders of Jewish Emancipation in 1842. Just as the discontinuance of sacrifices was necessitated by the destruction of the Temple, so these, as Mr. Magnus justly points out, were necessitated by the exodus of the Jews from the Ghetto into full citizenship, which in itself implied a partial renunciation of tribal exclusiveness. Mr. Magnus makes out for such modifications a good title to be the natural developments of time, the leaves shed by the growing tree. Similarly the early Church shed the practice of communism. He maintains, and as far as Gentiles are capable of judging we agree with him, that the essentials of Judaism have not been lost thereby, but rather confirmed; as he quotes from the Rabbi Simon ben Lakish, "sometimes to annul a law is to establish it." It is the Judaism of 1842, Judaism modified in expression only by the necessities of its circumstances, on which Mr. Magnus takes his stand. Mr. Montefiore goes very much further, and we can see little in his "Jewish persuasion" but a vague deism, in which he, Halil Halid Efendi and the Rector of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, might before long agree to an interchange of pulpits. The Jew of this type seems to Mr. Magnus and to us to be perpetually apologising for his race and his religion. To Mr. Magnus, Forms, Separation, and Restrictions are of the essence of Judaism, though they may vary according to circumstance and in the course of time become modified or even contradictory; "I deliberately prefer," he says, "to preserve the environment of Solomon, . . . this is not merely true but vital." He opposes Mr. Montefiore with great moderation, but he firmly holds the philosophic view that expression is essential to any enduring faith which is to fill for long the hearts of men. In the first part of his book he not only expresses the traditional in contradistinction to the sceptical spirit in Judaism alone, he represents Religion in contradistinction to mere Morality, Theology in contradistinction to Science, Faith in contradistinction to Intellect. Many of his arguments are admirably expressed, we wish indeed that he had trusted still more to himself than he has, and had relied less on the views of Western writers of little philosophical value. Possibly such quotations are necessary in order to appeal to the ultra-occidentalism of Mr. Montefiore. We prefer quotations from Mr. Magnus himself:

The appeal from faith to reason . . . is more often than not an appeal from light to darkness. *Gemeinsinn* is the cleverness of *das Gemeine*, and in affairs of the soul . . . commonsense degrades, not exalts.

Earth is our nurse, not our mother; the secret of our being is not here.

The Evolutionists give God longer names, they do not give Him truer names.

Liturgical language never pretends to scientific exactness . . . but claims . . . a higher truth than the truth of scientific demonstration . . . it is the language of imagination which "fulfils the shortcomings of other modes of expression." My need of the God-idea does not make me a religious man, it makes me a religious minded man, . . . I am conscious that, as a religious-

minded man, my need of the God-idea is far more intellectual than moral. . . . I do not—it is a personal experience—I do not expect to become more *good* by practising religion. Its practices may have that indirect effect, but their primary object is to make men more *wise*.

Once more:

I am convinced—it is a conviction of immemorial antiquity—that the religious sense is cultivable, and should be cultivated. Its neglect or atrophy is an intellectual loss, comparable to, but surpassing, in the measure of the loss, a deafness to music, or a blindness to colour, or an imperception of scent: "Get wisdom" [*Carpe scientiam*] cries the author of the Proverbs.

We have desired to allow Mr. Magnus to express himself as far as our space permits. He does so well, and we entirely sympathise with him so far. Again, he seems to us Gentiles to define the essential force of Judaism itself:

The ceremonial of the Jewish religion, as required by the Levitical ordinances, and as elaborated by subsequent and less inspired legislators, was directed throughout to the consecration of the commonplace. Its object was to endow the least elevated of common duties with a sense of responsibility, and to co-ordinate the whole series of physical and moral functions under the same category of cleanliness and holiness.

In "the consecration of the commonplace," Mr. Magnus seems to us to explain the moral force of Judaism throughout its course more truly than we have ever seen it explained before. It is that which has endowed the Jew with his "immense talent and power of idealisation." The present reviewer is no more philo-Semitic than he is anti-Semitic in the present acceptation of the term, and if he had space he would be obliged to show himself in frequent disagreement with Mr. Magnus in the more distinctly Jewish portions of his book, though, in opposition to Mr. Montefiore, he sympathises with him throughout. It is impossible to follow their interesting controversy further than to point out how completely right Mr. Magnus is, in the interests of his race, in his opposition to "mixed marriages." His moderation has prevented his arguments against them being much more conclusive than they are. We cannot doubt that it is the inter-breeding of the Jew which, in defiance of the "natural laws" applicable to every other people, has endowed him with the intellect and physique of which he has so much reason to be proud; which, together with that "consecration of the commonplace" on which his isolation is founded, has given him his "sobriety," his "moral patience," his "long-suffering," and "a positive distaste for such excesses as have ruined other races"; which, in fact, maintains his race a corporate unity after many centuries of dispersion. So certain does this seem to us that we would alter a sentence of Mr. Magnus's thus: "No thoughtful Jew regards himself as other than a stranger in the land." Though Mr. Montefiore—and Mr. Magnus too—may turn with sympathy to the Gentile, from the School of Safed, the Jews of Safed represented qualities as essential to their race and religion as those nobler ones on which we have dwelt; while the European "of the Jewish persuasion" has no existence outside the imagination of Mr. Montefiore.

We turn with regret to "The Crescent *versus* the Cross," for we have been forced to invert the intentions of Balaam. If Halil Hálid Efendi had compared elevated doctrines in the Koran with those of the Gospels, or the verbal contradictions to be found in both, we should have followed him with interest. If he had maintained that Jews and Christians enjoyed more opportunities for mental and spiritual development under the Abbassides than under Charlemagne, or that Constantinople was now more civilised than New York, we should not have been eager to contradict him. If he had compared the innumerable sects and bloody wars among Mohammedans and Christians alike, we should have been interested. But he confuses Cause and Effect, Essential and Accidental, as completely as

the least instructed Christian controversialist. He treats the Gospels, nationality, custom, trade, politics, the Vatican, the Free Church Council, and "The City of God" as synonyms. His ideas of Christianity are as clear and authentic as those of "a clergyman" concerning the position of women under Mohammedanism, expounded to "a lady" on a Nile tour, which he relates so indignantly, and, we regret to say, have no more importance. He strikes us as the exponent of "a vague deism," because his objections to the expression of Christianity are equally applicable to Mohammedanism or any other revealed religion. It would be an injustice to Mr. Montefiore to suggest any other comparison between him and Halil Hálid Efendi, and this only to a very limited extent, because the Efendi seems to be devoid of any philosophic sense. He is annoyed because the friends of the dead in the West, as in Turkey, care more for the manner of sepulture than the fact. He thinks it foolish to prefer the superfluous to the necessary. That is what is meant by civilisation—namely, a state in which the individual cares no more for necessities which are provided for him, but only for superfluities, which is all there is left for him to provide for himself. To find the appreciation of Mahomed which we had hoped for, we have to turn from the Efendi back to Richard Burton, or to some of those instructed officials and clergy whom the Efendi quotes in support of his statements, although they are embraced in his condemnations. For the power and beauty which Mohammedanism yields we seek in the charming stories of Mr. Pickthall and Mr. Hanauer. We return whence we started. It is in stories such as these, with their human humour, their touching affection, their high-souled devotion, their wisdom, their justice, their sincerity, all the varied fruits of life, that we seek the real unity between the three living faiths, and not in the colourless waste of a vague resemblance, to which we are led when reason has eliminated all their essentials. Thus we see in their dissimilitude, the unity between great artists—Fra Angelico and Rembrandt—and none in their works reduced to a common denominator by the same photographer. It is the philosophic value of differences in expression, their contradictions and their unity, that Mr. Magnus understands so well.

A HAPPY TRAVELLER

Before and after Waterloo. Letters from Edward Stanley (sometime Bishop of Norwich). Edited by JANE H. ADEANE and MAUD GRENFELL. (Fisher Unwin, 14s. net.)

THESE letters of Dean Stanley's father (there are a few by other hands) were well worth printing, and many of the sketches that accompany them (also from the pen of the future Bishop) have both craftsmanship and spirit. Together they form an interesting and vivacious memorial of Continental life and travel in the generation before railways and steamships, whilst they also reveal a strong and attractive personality. Moreover, by those interested in the history of the times, the scraps of gossip and personal observation recorded will be by no means despised.

The editors have prefixed a biographical memoir of the happy traveller (we will not call him tourist), who, when he wrote the letters, was rector of Alderley, in Cheshire. Both from this and from the internal evidence of the epistles, we gather that, worthy pastor as he was, Stanley's natural bent was by no means clerical, far less theological. He had strong scientific tastes, and took a great interest in matters naval and military; but probably his physique was better suited to the Church than to the Army or Navy,

though his love of humanity and great powers of observation were by no means thrown away in his chosen profession.

The first batch of letters record a tour in France, Northern Italy, and Spain, undertaken in 1802-3, between the Treaty of Amiens and the resumption of the war. The young Cambridge graduate saw Talma act, and thought him very like Kemble; was "most highly entertained in viewing the Great Gallery of the Louvre," but missed the much desired sight of Bonaparte. At Lyons, however, he witnessed the guillotining of five men who had robbed farmhouses, and made a sketch of a machine he saw at Chalon-sur-Saône. Afterwards he visited the battlefield of Marengo and other scenes of the fighting between Turin and Genoa. From Leghorn he sailed for Spain, where he experienced the utmost discomfort in travelling, and formed a far from flattering estimate of the inhabitants. "In Malaga," he notes, "few nights pass without some murders. Those who have any regard for their safety must, after dark, carry a sword and a lantern. You may form some idea of the people when (*sic*) there was one fellow at Granada who had with his own hand committed no less than twenty-two murders." On the other hand, "Nothing could be more gratifying to an Englishman than finding wherever he goes the manufactures of his own country. This in Spain is particularly the case; there is scarcely a single article of any description which this people can make for themselves . . ." In another letter he says that he has been told on undoubted authority "that a nobleman unable to write his own name, or even read his own pedigree, is by no means a difficult thing to meet with," and describes the King as "considered little better than a tool of Buonaparte's." The traveller had to forego Rome and Naples, but returned home with some knowledge of Spanish as a set-off.

Before Stanley's letters descriptive of his experiences in France and the Netherlands in 1814 we get a glimpse of the state of things in England during that eventful year. A letter from Catherine Fanshawe, a novelist then in vogue, gives a piquant account of a meeting between Byron and Madame de Staël at Sir Humphry Davy's; and Mrs. Edward Stanley describes to her sister London's *furore* over the foreign potentates who were then its guests. Both Stanley and his wife entered with avidity into the pastime of Emperor-hunting, and had some, though not much, luck—of which they made the most. So did others; an individual at the opera netted forty guineas "by opening his box door and allowing those in the lobbies to take a peep for a guinea apiece" at the Imperial celebrities; whilst the incorrigible Lady Caroline Lamb successfully personated Blücher at Lady Cork's reception one night. It was remarked that at the time "Have you seen the Emperor?" had entirely superseded the use of "How do you do?" The Emperor was, of course, the Tsar Alexander I. Before another of the allied Sovereigns—the King of Prussia—Stanley had the honour of preaching, though he did not know it. Mrs. Stanley thought Alexander's head "very like R. Heber's."

The cream of the book is in the 1814 letters, "before Waterloo." Stanley's enthusiasm is inexhaustible, his observation comprehensive; and he is determined "not to be too prolix on any one particular subject."

On his way to Paris he "heard abundance of curious remarks on the subject of the war, the peace, and the changes; they will have it they were not conquered." "Oh, no." *Paris ne fut jamais vaincue—elle s'est soumise seulement!* In the capital he waited on Madame de Staël in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain. He describes her complexion as that of "a white mulatto," her hair "quite sable, dry and crisp, like a negro's." He knew his woman, and treated her accord-

ingly. "I hurried her as much as decency would permit from one subject to another," and "ventured to throw in a little flattery as to her political influence in Europe. She admitted that those who shared her views were "not enough to make a dinner party"; and Stanley soon discovered that in Paris, at least, "Corinne's" day was over.

The clerical traveller's account of Sir Charles Stuart, the British Minister in France, is by no means flattering; he could get little out of him but "Upon my soul, I don't know," and found his hotel-keeper, who had been in the Imperial Army, much more helpful. He managed to see most of the Marshals at the "Tuilleries" and "had the satisfaction of being almost knocked over" by Jourdan. Bessières, Duc d'Istrie, commander of the Old Guard, was reckoned by an English companion like Stanley himself—"that is, he had dark, arched eyebrows, a fox-like sort of countenance, very dark, almost swarthy," and gave indications of being subject to bilious headaches. Berthier, Masséna and Victor seem to have impressed him favourably, but of Davout he remarks: "If ever an evil spirit peeped through the visage of a human being," it was in him; and Murat is dismissed as "an effeminate coxcomb, with no characteristic but that of self-satisfaction." Both of these latter judgments were probably unjust. On the other hand the parson's reflections upon "the interesting Josephine," induced by his visit to Malmaison, do more credit to his heart than to his head. We gather from his narrative that the fallen Emperor was still popular in the army, and that the Bourbons aroused no enthusiasm.

Stanley passes very unfavourable criticisms upon French dress; but his remark on the comparative state of morals—that there is "less organised vice" in France than in England, shows a surprising degree of detachment for a man of his cloth in those days.

During a visit to Fontainebleau he gave two instances of his *savoir-faire*. He refused to pay sixteen shillings for "a plate of eight little, wretched mutton chops," despite the appearance of several officers of the Imperial Guard friendly to the extortionate hostess; and, entering into conversation with the latter managed dexterously to steer between sacrificing his own opinions and giving offence to them. On retiring he shook hands with these Bonapartists, saying "with as low a bow as the little King of Rome, *Messieurs les Gardes d'Honneurs, je vous salut.*'"

After leaving Paris this military-minded cleric followed, starting from the end, in the footsteps of Napoleon in that last wonderful campaign of his before his abdication. Everywhere he heard unfavourable comparisons between the conduct towards the inhabitants of the French and that of the much-feared Cossacks, who seem to have been much calumniated. A Russian officer whom he met at St. Avold, was not, however, very complimentary to them. He divided his own army into three classes: "The first we can trust for discipline and ability; the second consists of Cossacks and other irregulars, whose business is reconnoitring, plundering, and running away when they see the enemy; the men before you compose the third—fellows who know nothing and do nothing, but can stand quietly in the place assigned to them, and get killed one after another without ever thinking of turning their backs." Every Prussian uniform Stanley's party saw was of British manufacture; an officer said, "We had furnished sufficient for 70,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry." "Poor England," the traveller noted, "is certainly not much beloved; we are admired, feared, respected, and courted," but thought to look after our own interests too exclusively. On the other hand, British soldiers were respected because they paid for things, and did not live on the country like the French, the Prussians, and the rest, friends or foes.

Whilst driving in a cabriolet between Verdun and Metz, Stanley allowed "a poor fellow toiling away with his bivouacking cloak tied round him" to get up behind. He turned out to be a monk of La Trappe, who had been compelled to serve in Napoleon's army, had lost an eye at Leipsic, and had been captured by the Swedes. The English clergyman tested his *protégé's* abilities as a controversialist, attacking him upon the subject of the "salvability" of Protestants, and the celibacy of the clergy. The conversation redounded to the credit of both; Stanley assisted his Catholic brother with much-needed money, and parted with him much against his will—"for had he been going to Pekin I should have accommodated him with a seat," he says in dismissing the incident.

As typical of the French character he notices the conduct of the inhabitants of Lille, who, having "suffered every species of misery" from General Maison, he having needlessly destroyed all their suburbs, retaliated only by nicknaming him General Brise-Maison, "and then the foolish people laugh and cry, *"Que c'est bon cela,"* think they have done a great feat, and submit like lambs."

We fear we must not follow our traveller into Holland and Belgium, where his humour and eye for oddities found full scope. Commenting on Dutch cleanliness he declares that his own dusty shoes were "the most impure thing" in the village of Brock, whose inhabitants boasted jocosely that they washed and scrubbed their wood before they put it on the fire. Peter the Great's house at Saardam he thought "remarkable for nothing but having been his"; adding caustically: "Alexander (the Tsar) had put up two little marble tablets over the fireplace, commemorating his visit, on which something good might have been inscribed; as they are, it is merely stated that Alexander placed them on, and that Mrs. Von Tets Von Groudam stood by, delighted to see him so employed."

The "After Waterloo" chapter relates the visit of Stanley and his wife to Paris and the field of Waterloo in 1816, and has, doubtless, been extensively "gutted" in the daily papers. Amongst other things the party visited in the prison of La Force the English officers who had helped Lavalette to escape, and had tried to save Ney. The English were everywhere, but were not popular, though, luckily, the French populace failed to grasp the meaning of the soldiers' songs:—

Louis Dix-huit,
We have licked all your armies
And sunk all your fleet.

The editors have, on the whole, done their work well. We may remark, however, that some of the notes are too exiguous to be of any use, and one or two are erroneous. Madame de Staél was not banished so much for her writings as for her intriguing capabilities; and Dousterswive is not a character in "Guy Mannering." The quite inadequate note upon Platoff omits to state that he was Hetman of the Cossacks; it might with advantage have been expanded by a reference to the incident of the old warrior's strange outburst of affection for Sir Walter Scott.

Amongst the sketches, those of the conveyances in use in the various countries at this period may prove to be of permanent value.

VENICE

Venice, its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic. By POMPEO MOLMENTI. Translated by HORATIO F. BROWN. Part II.—The Golden Age. (John Murray, 21s. net.)

WHEN complete Mr. Horatio Brown's translation of Signor Molmenti's work will make the most detailed

and scholarly presentation of Venetian life that has yet been offered to English readers. The two volumes just issued are devoted to an account of the Republic during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Venice had already established her position as the mart of the world, and, on the basis of an unparalleled commercial prosperity, she had built up a proud and affluent civilisation. With the increase of trade the arts flourished, and the progress of free enquiry suffered no check. The marvellous and sustained outburst of artistic activity, the development of a native drama, the magnificent public buildings, which elicited the admiration of so fastidious a connoisseur as Henry III. of France, the reckless and extravagant display of luxury, manifested alike in private life and in public ceremonial, the absorption of a whole population in the pleasure of the moment:

Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow—

these things speak of a vigorous and full-blooded life. Life, indeed, ran at fever-heat during these two glorious centuries. It was an age of adventurous gallants and of charming women. One encounters the most daring scepticism side by side with the most degrading superstition. While the geographers and map makers were adding to our knowledge of the world, a Marcantonio Bragadin was deceiving thousands of sober citizens by his pretended discovery of the *anima d'oro*. The current conceptions of life are admirably reflected in the literature of the period. In the poetry of Aretino a traditional reverence for religion gives way, too often, to an unveiled licentiousness. The picture, indeed, had its darker side, and the general diffusion of comfort was accompanied by a corresponding decline in morals. The Queen of the Adriatic boasted her eleven thousand courtesans, and the State was powerless to intervene. This outbreak of vice infected even the Church, and even as early as the fourteenth century the Great Council had found it necessary to pass a law *contra illos qui committunt fornicationes in monasterio monialium*. There can be little doubt that the foundations of the Republic were being slowly undermined, and there are hints, clear and unmistakable, of the approaching decadence:

The artistic temperament of the Italians [writes Signor Molmenti] threw a glamour of refinement and grace over vice itself; the aesthetic supplanted the moral judgment; the search for pleasure passed all limits, and voluptuous living surely and steadily, day by day, sapped the energy of the brain and the vigour of the arm.

Mr. Brown is to be congratulated on the excellence of his translation, but, seeing that the work is intended for English readers, it is a reasonable matter of complaint that the numerous extracts from Italian authorities in these volumes have been given in their original form.

EDUCATION.—POLITICAL OBSTACLES

LORD ROBERT CECIL's attack on Mr. McKenna on the 6th, and his reply, causes this article to be mainly political. "Educationally I am absolutely with you, but politically I am dead against you Have not the Liberal party and the Nonconformist bodies been trying for forty years to get the whole of the endowments like yourselves, and do you think now the Government has given us a chance we are not going to take it." We quote from the report of the *Times* and *Morning Post* of a speech delivered by the Rev. J. R. Wynne Edwards, headmaster of Leeds Grammar School, at the Headmasters' Conference at Oxford, just before Christmas. The remarks were quoted by Mr. Edwards as having been made by a

member of the Leeds Education Committee. We will not comment on the fitness of this individual to represent the ratepayers in the control of education. Mr. Edwards is apparently a lively speaker, and we do not pin him, any more than he perhaps intended to pin the committeeman, to these sentiments *verbatim*. Much less do we quote them as representing the sentiments of broad-minded persons who are Liberals in politics or Nonconformists in religion, or both. We quote them as accurately representing the determination of the political-Nonconformist party and Mr. McKenna to cast education to the winds, so long as they can secure the endowment of their party.

Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. McKenna have already had great trouble in pacifying their Welsh supporters, on account of the postponement of the Bill for disestablishing and disendowing the Church in Wales. There are persistent rumours of the Labour Party contesting Liberal seats in Wales. The continued dominance of the political-Nonconformists in the present Government must be secured at all costs.

With Mr. McKenna's breadth of view or his motives we have no concern. In matters of this kind we have only to consider actions and policy. There is no reason to suppose, and no one has suggested, that Mr. McKenna is not sincerely convinced that the dominance of political Nonconformity is the sole salvation of the State. His conviction is the more to be regretted since it makes him more likely to succeed. We wish he were insincere or open to bribes. We cannot find, in company with the *Times*, any merit in his attempt to vindicate his partisan administration by the plea that it has been in strict accordance with official precedent, since, as the *Times* points out, he entirely failed, in his very lame apology, to show that he has observed in practice "the traditional principles of administration in this country." Such excuses may show a becoming deference to tradition in the face of the House of Commons, but that is all. So responsible a leader of a conspiracy can scarcely be expected to reveal its secrets more than he can help. The public expression of sentiments such as we have quoted, which are being made by Mr. McKenna's irresponsible henchmen all over the country, are much more useful than his more diffident excuses. The result is the same in either case. Education is neither more nor less hampered at Leeds, where the local education authority persecutes the Roman Catholic schools or aims at ruining Mr. Edwards's Grammar School, and where such sentiments are frankly expressed—than at Garforth, Swansea, Brymbo and elsewhere, where the Board of Education conspires with the local authority to persecute the Church of England schools, and the President veils the same sentiments under an appeal to tradition. The veil is thin enough, the veil of political-Nonconformity has always been thin enough; but it has been thick enough to conceal its aims from many of those who ought to have known its spirit better. It has always been the same, always wriggling back obliquely to its brief period of self-endowment and domination.

It is amazing that Liberals did not realise—until realisation was forced upon them in Lancashire—the price that they would have to pay for having been galvanised into political life by political-Nonconformists. It is still more amazing to us that the aims of that truculent faction were not already understood before the Education Bill of 1899 became law. The consent of the Church of England and Roman Catholic episcopates to the exposure of their schools to the control of local authorities, so amenable as they are to the influence of political-Nonconformity, showed an extraordinary political blindness and a complete misapprehension of its spirit. We should hope the bishop's eyes are now opened. Their deplorable mistake does not preclude them from struggling against its consequences,

as Mr. Dillon seems to argue, but rather forces them to extra activity, that they may not have to repent a second time of misplaced confidence. We fully recognise that Mr. Dillon chose not only the nobler but the more statesmanlike part in 1899, when he advocated more consideration for the susceptibilities of Nonconformists. We cannot consider, as Mr. Dillon does, that substantial injustice was done to them even in single-school areas. We do not defend the Act as regards the interests of education, in which we agree with Mr. Dillon in believing, religion is an integral part; but if we are not much mistaken, broad-minded Radicals or Socialists, unprejudiced in favour of any of the religions concerned—such as Mr. Haldane and Mr. Graham Wallas—did not object to the Act as a makeshift, and incurred considerable odium from their respective parties by refusing to show any excitement on the subject. It is true that parents were obliged in single-school areas to send their children to schools with a religious atmosphere of which they did not approve; but so they had been ever since compulsory education came into force. The Act gave their "conscientious objections" more protection than they had had before. What these conscientious objections are worth in the case of political-Nonconformists, is shown by their present efforts to force their way into Church of England and Roman Catholic training colleges. Further, such injustice as there was, was purely incidental; it depended on the numbers of the various religious bodies resident in a given district and on their comparative zeal for education. If the Protestant Nonconformists generally had shown as much zeal for providing education for the children of the indigent who had no votes to be won, as had been shown by the Church of England, by Catholic Nonconformists, and at one time by Wesleyans—and provided their own repeated contention that they very largely outnumber Churchmen be true—they would have been in as good a position as Churchmen. They might, indeed, have been in a better position, for since they constantly proclaim the advantages of the interchange of pulpits, it may fairly be assumed that they had no objection to combination among themselves in the matter of schools. Indeed, they did so combine in what are called British Schools. Actually, regarded as a combination, they thought it so important to multiply chapels representing every shade of difference among themselves, that they only cared for education when they could get it at someone else's expense.

It is only fair to the framers of the Bill to observe, that they used in single-school areas the only material there was, and that the political party which passed it has not been accused of factious conduct in administering it when it became law. Neither was Mr. Birrell so accused. Further, such experienced politicians as the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Robert Finlay, and a staunch Radical, Mr. Bryce, indignantly repudiated the idea that any Minister of Education could ever be supposed for a moment to be capable of using the quasi-judicial powers given him, for partisan ends. They did not know their political-Nonconformist. The bishops had much excuse for their shortsightedness. Mr. McKenna has now lent them eyes.

Mr. McKenna pleaded in defence of his action in the Garforth case, that technical legal questions were very difficult to laymen, that all the Board of Education could do was to get the best legal advice, and that if the advice was wrong no blame could be imputed to the motives of the Government. What Mr. McKenna said was no doubt Parliamentarily true, but his general partisan conduct justifies the inquiry whether the legality which he sought was a permanent legality, or such a temporary appearance of legality as would make a show for party purposes until its illegality had been demonstrated by a higher authority.

As regards the refusal of Welsh local education

authorities to obey the law, the question is not what Mr. McKenna did in expectation of the meeting of Parliament, and since the persistent "badgering" to which he was subjected in August by Lord Robert Cecil, but what he did on his own initiative, before the unavailing complaints addressed to him by managers and teachers were forced upon him in Parliament. Even Mr. McKenna's expedients to avoid unpleasant duties have an end. If he considers in the light of a compliment the congratulations of the *Western Daily Post* to a Minister of State in a quasi-judicial position for having been forced into a judicial attitude, he has come very near the sentiments expressed at Leeds.

Mr. McKenna and his adherents seldom speak on the subject without asserting the legality of the training college regulations. This is a variety of the "red-herring" argument, a favourite one with controversialists of their type. It diverts attention from flaws. These assertions refute no one, for no one has asserted the contrary. We draw attention to an effect of the regulations upon education. The report of the Board deplores the dearth of qualified teachers.—By the way, it is likely that the dearth of teachers will continue as long as the receipt of their salaries ultimately depends on their conforming to the religious views of Mr. McKenna.—There are fifty-one residential training colleges, of which thirty-three belong to the Church of England and nine others to the Roman Catholics and Protestant Nonconformists. Mr. McKenna issues regulations, which he knows cannot be accepted by a large number, if not all these, without alteration of the trusts. His predecessor had already approved of a scheme by which these colleges could have met the pressing need for teachers by receiving more students. Mr. McKenna now congratulates himself on having played a pretty political trick, by which he estimates that these colleges will now only be able to provide for one-fifth of the students for whom they provided before; so the dearth of teachers will be greater than ever. The only escape offered to the trustees of the colleges is to hand over to him their trust deeds, ostensibly so that they may be modified to enable them to accept the regulations, but in reality subject to be entirely revised according to his views. The object of Mr. McKenna's trick is therefore alternative—either to obtain complete control over the trust deeds through the submission of the trustees, or to starve out the colleges if they resist. In either case his insistence that the regulations leave untouched the peculiar religious nature of the colleges, is the merest blind, by which their trustees are not such fools as to be deceived.

Mr. McKenna does not even pretend that the denominational schools in Wales have been dealt with on an equality with the council schools, but he justifies the inequality by a remarkable admission. He maintains that the denominational schools, so far from suffering in efficiency by this injustice, are, if anything, rather more efficient than before. That is to say, the Churchmen and Roman Catholics of Wales are so zealous for education that they maintain their schools efficiently although severely handicapped by the Board of Education, and it is not efficiency of education that Mr. McKenna seeks but the continued favour of his political supporters.

By many admirable suggestions, to which we alluded before, Mr. McKenna has shown that "educationally" he is "with" the educators whom we mentioned with admiration in a former article; "politically he is dead against" any education which does not enable political Nonconformists to tyrannise over their neighbours. As a political agitator he advocated one Welsh revolt, and now that he is in the judgment seat, he has to hold the scales uneven, to prevent two others, which would remove him from it, by wrecking the Government of which he is a member. If he had not been a political

Nonconformist of the most violent type, he might have advanced the interests of education, but with his antecedents his appointment was as "grossly improper" as that of another violent agitator, Mr. Davies, and he has done his best to live up to the impropriety.

BURNS'S HOME-SPUN

DIALECT is a local peculiarity of pronunciation, due it may be to climate and only to be eliminated by education and travel. But we use words so loosely now that the word connotes also a degraded or neglected form of speech. The broad Scots of Burns is purer than what we are accustomed to regard as standard English, yet we find it inelegant or unsuited to modern requirements, and abandon its use to the vulgar or illiterate. After many strange vicissitudes the ancient speech of Alfred lingers in scraps of *patois* among the orchards of Somerset, the fens of Lincoln, on the downs of Wessex, in the dales of Cumberland, on the moors of Yorkshire, and in the solitary glens of Scotland. Exactly the same thing has taken place in France, where the peasant of the South employs the ancient language of the Troubadours, the true *Langue d'Oc*, from which modern French has diverged so much that they are now practically different tongues. The tendency of education is to uproot these old forms, but like the weeds of the fields they have a wonderful tenacity. The so-called movements for the preservation of ancient dialects, which galvanise into life for a moment, are but clearer evidences of the hastening decay.

In Burns's day Lowland Scots was the language of the peasant and the peer. The schoolmaster taught, the minister preached, and the judge summed up in this common medium of intercourse. Lord Braxfield, the prototype of Weir of Hermiston, was one of the last judges on the Scottish Bench who spoke the language of the people. To a Scotch ear no language is more tuneful than pure English spoken by a beautiful voice, and so it became a mark of culture and refinement. Gentlemen and ladies took lessons from English elocution masters and Scots was banished from the drawing-room to the servants' hall, where it has remained ever since. What to-day passes for Scots in the Canongate of Edinburgh or the Trongate of Glasgow is a strange mixture whose component parts it is hard to analyse. Yet in spite of educational reform the old tongue still lingers in many a moorland cottage and solitary upland farm where the old people speak a dialect of which their sons and daughters are partly ashamed. To speak candidly, "braid Lallans" is the language of the poor and needy, of the old and unlettered, of the beggar and the outcast, and though there is wonderful vitality in it, yet it is doomed "no distant date." Yesterday I was delighted to hear a rustic call the hoar frost "Cranreuch," but my companion, a man of letters, knew it not. In the polished circles of suburbia and among cultured people it is quoted with a sneer on the lips, and avoided by their children, in whose ears it is low and vulgar and not to be imitated. These are facts, not complaints. The sentimental wayfaring man who quotes Theocritus, delights to find nooks and corners of Arcadia inhabited by rural swains and neat-handed maidens who in their old-world costumes pose as lay figures to his travelling muse. But there are very few who observe the quaint expressions with which these humble folk clothe their thoughts.

"I cannot regard it," says the late Canon Ainger,

as merely a foolish literary ambition that now and again leads Burns to abandon one dialect in which he was strong for another in which he was weak. It was rather that his local vocabulary was limited for the purpose he needed it for, and that he naturally and

rightly resorted to English wherewith to strengthen and supplement it.

This is a misunderstanding; to dissipate which two explanations may be given. In the first place, Burns was an artist, and as such bound by the same laws of literary art which obliged Shakespeare to put sublime thoughts in blank verse and express in prose the communications of menials or the quips and cranks of jesters—bound by the same law which makes Scott put stilted Johnsonese in the mouths of his aristocratic heroes and heroines and leave uncouth dialect to domestics and dependents. But there is another and, we venture to think, truer reason. A workman speaks in dialect to his "mates," but should a well-educated man address him in literary English the workman uses the same medium or speaks dialect in an affected tone, perhaps to show that he, too, has some slight tincture of letters, but certainly to show respect to the superior who has addressed him. Again, the children of the people speak and read pure English in school under the master, but, when free from restraint, they revert to dialect in the playground and at home lest they be ridiculed for aping the manners and language of the "gentry." This is precisely the case with Burns. He employs the rugged, virile speech of his fellows when treating of homely themes, when scorning the noble "coof," or laughing at Holy Willie. But he employs the poetic diction of Pope and Gray "to build the lofty rhyme" on solemn occasions, to make some profound comment on life, or to address some friend whom he esteems and honours. For example, he stops in full career to remark "Pleasures are like poppies spread," or again, his dedication of the Cotter's Saturday Night to his friend Aiken is in the florid, flamboyant style, but immediately afterwards he speaks of the humble cotter in pithy, natural Scots. When Burns talks of biting Boreas, of winged Pegasus, of Helicon, and of all the rest of the euphuistic flummery of the poetic craft, we see the yokel dressed in his Sunday best, purple-faced and very uneasy in the unaccustomed garb, and we heave a sigh of relief when he lays aside his "braw claes" and dons the sunburnt coat and homely bonnet. True, it is affected and unnatural, but remember he dressed up in college "lear" to show respect to his audience, and we cannot scorn the motive though we may find amusement in the appearance. This language I now write and you read is not the medium of daily intercourse, but an inflated form very different from the mixture of music-hall catchwords and sporting *argot* that is "human nature's daily food." To write thus is correct, but to speak like a book is to excite the ridicule of our fellows. The present-day speech is rather to be looked for in the humour columns than in the stately periods of quarterlies and reviews.

"An honest man of no special literary bent," says Stevenson,

would tell you he thought much of Shakespeare bombastic and most absurd, and all of him written in very obscure English, and wearisome to read.

Change the poet's name to Burns and the fact holds true. Much of Burns is a dead letter to the present generation of Scotsmen, to whom "a daimen-icker in a thrave" is as unknown as "I rede ye tent it." Words like "wale," "fremit," "shachlt," "lear" present difficulties of sound and sense which repel the outsider who longs to know something of Burns. Not many are on speaking terms with Anglo-Saxon, but those who know modern German will find a pleasure in recognising cognate words which will greatly assist in surmounting difficulties. In a popular article one may not write as if for specialists, but we may be allowed a few quotations to illustrate our point. "My mammie coft (*kaufte*, bought) me a new goon"; "As o'er the moor they lightly foor (*fuhren*, went); "It kindles wit,

it waukens lear (*lehre*, instruction)"; "He wales (*wählen*, to select) a portion"; "Whar did ye get that haover (*hafer*, oats) meal bannock?" But there is another element that may be explained by modern French. We quote a few examples. "Let me fair Nature's face descrie" (*décrire*); "His hair has a natural buckle" (*boucle*, curl); "Wi' bitter dearthfu' wines to mell" (*se mêler*, to meddle). "Merle" is the pure French for blackbird, *envy*, with accent on the last syllable is *envier*, and *remede* is but *remède*. *Dool* is a portion of the word *douleur*, and "chamer" imitates the vowel sound of *chambre*. These few examples will not only show the true meaning of the word but give the sound that Burns used, and thus explain many an uncouth rhyme. Burns seems also to have spelt phonetically, for he has often two or even three forms of the same word—e.g., *eneugh* is guttural like *loch*, but *enow* has an open sound. *Daurk* gives the old pronunciation of *darg*, a day's work. Words like *wrought*, *brought*, *fought*, may at times be required to be sounded *wrocht*, *brocht*, *focht*, to meet the exigencies of the rhyme. Generally speaking, the English vowel sound as in hate becomes Scots as in hard, and the vowel "o" is very broad and open in the Scots dialect. It would be easy to multiply examples, but we fear to exhaust the reader's patience, and rest satisfied with the aforementioned.

Old modes of life pass away, and with them naturally the terms and expressions; this introduces an element which we leave to the antiquary and the historian. Even the works of Dickens, who wrote fifty years ago, would require a glossary to explain old usages and old words. Who that reads this has ever seen a pounce-box except in a museum or in some wayside tavern of France or Germany? The flail may still be seen in a few remote islands "among the farthest Hebrides," but the busy hum of the travelling threshing mill has banished the weary "flingin' trees" to old garrets and lumber-rooms, whence they are routed out and sold to collectors of such "auld nicknackets." It would be as absurd as useless to regret this. There are doubtless many words in Burns that are now obsolete and would prove useful acquisitions to our modern tongue, but if these be ever revived we may look for them to come from the colonies, where the study of Burns is less of a cult and more of a reality than in our own tight little island.

J. P. PARK.

"PERSIMMON"

THE word *persimmon* is fully treated in the New English Dictionary, which only just fails to give the complete etymology. The statement there made is as follows:

Corruption of the native name in the Powhatan dialect (Algonkin of Virginia). The exact form of the first element is uncertain; the second is the suffix *-min*, common to many names of grains or small fruits in Algonkin dialects; cf. *mondamin*, *shahbomin* in Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The stress was originally not on the second syllable, *persim* or *persim* being earlier than *persimmon*.

In fact, Cuoq's Dictionary of the Algonkin language, written in French, explains the suffix *-min* as "fruit or grain," and explains *wabi-min*, literally "white fruit," as meaning "apple." He explains *wab* as "white."

There are two early quotations that deserve consideration, both given in the said dictionary. The latter, dated 1612, is from W. Strachey, "Travels in Virginia," x. (Hakluyt Society), p. 119:

They have a plumb which they call *pessemmins*, like to a medler in England, but of a deeper tawny colour.

I take the spelling *pessemmins*, here given, to be the best of all that are enumerated, and I believe it to be capable of explanation. Eleven forms are duly given.

The older quotation gives a less correct form (less correct because most widely differing from the rest), but it is of great importance. The New English Dictionary only cites two lines of it, but it is absolutely necessary, in my belief, to give nearly the whole of it, without much abridgement.

In Captain Smith's works, ed. Arber, p. 57, the fruits of Virginia are discussed, as follows:

Plumbs there are of three sorts. The red and white are like our hedge-plums; but the other, which they call *putchamins* [persimmons], grow as high as a *palmeta*. The fruit is like a medler; it is first green, then yellow, and red when it is ripe: if it be not ripe it will draw a man's mouth awrie with much torment; but when it is ripe, it is as delicious as an apricot.

There is another sort of grape neere as great as a cherry, this they call *messaminnes*. [Observe here the suffix *-minnes*—i.e., fruits.]

They have a small fruit they call *checkinguamins*. [Again, we have the suffix *-mins*.]

Of these natural fruits they live a great part of the year, which they use in this manner. The walnuts, chesnuts, acornes, and *checkinguamens* (*sic*) are dried to keepe. When they need them, they breake them between two stones, yet some part of the walnutshells will cleave to the fruit. Then do they dry them againe upon a mat over a hurdle.

The fruit like medlers, they call *putchamins* [persimmons], they cast upon hurdles on a mat, and preserve them as pruines.

I think we have now the solution of the whole mystery. We read of four sorts of fruits which are "dried to keep," of which one sort was "dried again upon a mat over a hurdle." In the same way the persimmons were dried for keeping; they were "cast upon hurdles on a mat and preserved."

I submit that Captain Smith did not quite catch the sound of the word, nor perceive its etymology; for surely *persimmon* means nothing more than simply "dried fruit"?

This may fairly be gathered from Cuq. He gives no such prefix as *per-*, or *par-*, or *pers-*, or *pes-*. The only word at all resembling *pessimin* (for the *mm* in Strachey only means that the preceding *i* is short) is the root *pas*, to be dry. From this root he gives two derivatives, which are wholly to the point. These are: *pasimine*, "to cause grain or fruit to become dry"; and *pasiminau*, "dried raisins." But we already know that *min* can be used in a general sense, from which it follows that "dried raisins" is only a special use of a word that once meant "dried fruits" in general.

I conclude that *persimmon* is only a modern form of a word which might better have been spelt *pessimin*; and that it is (as said) a word of Algonkin origin, due to the verb *pasimine*, to dry fruits, from *pas*, to dry, and *min*, fruit. It may have had its name from being the commonest of the preserved fruits.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

MUSICAL COMEDY

MR. MAX BEERBOHM, writing the other day about pantomimes, pointed out what extraordinary opportunities this business of the telling of some well-known fairy story, with every assistance of scenery, music, and pretty chorus-girls, offers to the artist. He appeared to be surprised that the pantomimes as we have them are so poor, but to my mind the marvel is that they are so good. The difficulty that faces the producer—I think that is the term—of pantomime is that he knows he is expected to provide some measure of entertainment for children, while at the same time his audiences consist largely of grown-up people. Now, anyone who has endeavoured to amuse children knows that their sense of humour is in no way fixed. The spontaneous follies that are acclaimed as masterpieces of wit to-day, may possibly excite nothing but a compassionate weariness to-morrow. Moreover, the presence of grown-ups complicates the problem enormously, for the fear of criticism that troubles most children renders them only imitatively emotional when they are under the eyes of the Olympians.

What is the producer to do? He knows that the things children like are the things their parents, who pay for their tickets, consider silly, and to be a success his pantomime must please both generations. So he turns to the variety artists, who are silly enough for anything, but who have a reputation for humour and cleverness which nothing they do can destroy, and provides with their assistance a patchwork entertainment which includes something to amuse and something to bore everybody. The result is unsatisfactory because it is a compromise, but we must not blame the author if his work of art is imperfect. The eyes of a child see everything in detail, and, consequently, to be successful in its appeal, a child's book or picture or play must be constructed rather with a view to detail than to an artistic whole. Thus the lagoon scene in *Peter Pan*, which strikes the adult mind as a stagey and confusing excrescence, is the one scene which all the children I have asked have preferred; and it would seem that, as long as pantomime is intended primarily for the amusement of children, it cannot be a suitable form of expression for the conscientious artist.

But when we eliminate the child from the audience and approach the question of musical comedy, we find that, while it shares with the pantomime such adornments as tuneful music, bright settings, and shapely legs, it suffers in an even greater degree from limitations—limitations, however, which are in this case absolutely artificial.

Musical comedy is popular because it supplies the great world of unimaginative people with a ready-made fairyland, where life is played to cheerful music, where true lovers marry, and where jokes come off. They like watching this life because it is utterly opposed to common-sense, which is their own strong point; and they therefore feel that their very presence in the theatre is wildly rebellious and a sign that they are not as other men. And, provided the picture is bright and does not show too much obvious effort on the part of the actors, they are disposed to welcome rather than to quarrel with the lack of that coherence which is the outstanding feature of their own very sensible lives. They certainly would not wish to live in a land where people really behaved in that irresponsible fashion, but it is pleasant to sit for an hour or two and pretend.

Obviously, with an audience of this character, the author of a musical comedy would have almost complete freedom of expression if there were not a number of quite unnecessary limitations imposed on him by the folly and timidity of the managers of musical-comedy houses. These gentlemen are, as a rule, surrounded by a crowd of more or less competent "star" actors and actresses, composers, writers of lyrics, and purveyors of smart dialogue; and before a new musical play can be produced it is necessary that each of these satellites should be given an opportunity of displaying his or her talent in the new production. As the actors and actresses of this class can usually only play one sort of part, the composers can only produce one tone, and the writers of lyrics one song, the new play usually proves to be little more than a thing of shreds and patches, a rehash of some previous success. Recently, it must be owned, since the provinces surprised the London managements by refusing to support plays of this character that were bad, there have not been wanting signs of a change for the better in this direction. But some time must elapse before the writer and composer of a musical comedy will be allowed the liberty in choosing their cast that is permitted to Mr. Pinero and Mr. Barrie; and even farther ahead lies the day when it will no longer be considered necessary to dot irrelevant "extra numbers" about their work.

The artistic conventions that affect musical comedies are neither very numerous nor very strict. They are

usually limited to two acts, which renders it a matter of some difficulty to make them dramatic; but as we have seen, their audiences do not want drama. They concern themselves very properly with the loves of young men and young women and the pleasant follies of humanity, and they avoid any problem more serious than a dropped nosegay or a tripping in the sports of love. They touch the problems that haunt the minds of men with the happy laughter of ignorance, and preach cheerful nonsense to the shrinkers who think they are too wise. After the songs of the principals there follows Echo, with a hundred fat calves and a sea of smiling faces wonderfully adorned. The chorus is certainly the finest feature of musical comedy. It has overcome the laws of space and time, and appears, like a child's pet fairy, exactly wherever and whenever it is wanted. Even the limelight is not more responsive than this band of arch-companions, who will sigh with the heroine and shriek with the low comedian in one period of five minutes. But it is chiefly their comradeship that appeals to me, the unwearying spirit of friendship that causes them to wander, like mediæval travellers, in groups of fifty. And not less to be admired is their fidelity to the principal actors and actresses. Had *The Gay Lord Quex* been written as a musical comedy, I have no doubt the chorus would have appeared in the third act and echoed Sophy's horror at being locked up alone with Quex. And few of us would wish to lead more amiable lives than those of these friendly folk, bubbling over with merriment at jokes which they have heard three hundred nights in succession, dancing in the sunshine of a West End theatre to please the grey people who live real lives.

Surely here is the chance for Mr. Beerbohm's artist. With the aid of these happy men and women and this charming chorus he can make us a play on the model of a child's game, wherein things happen because they are pleasant and desirable, and for no other reason upon the earth. If he likes to make of this inconsequence a cunning weapon to help him achieve his purpose, he can do so. But his principal task will be to appeal to the emotions which his audiences do possess, rather than to the intellect which they probably do not; and this, I suppose, is why men of culture have hitherto left musical comedy alone, for nowadays all our great men would rather be minor prophets than great artists. Yet what a splendid musical comedy Mr. G. K. Chesterton could write if he were not so busy defending his position! With what fine insurgent lyrics it would be adorned, with what flourishes of that paradox which can make roses sprout like mushrooms through the paving-stones of Battersea. I rather wonder that no one has laid violent dramatic hands on "the Napoleon of Notting Hill" before this. I mention Mr. Chesterton specially, because he is an expert at that game of make-believe which is the secret of all successful appeals to the emotions of the great half-educated. The game can be played well and it can be played badly, and hitherto, in terms of the footlights, it has usually been played ludicrously badly. It remains for our great men to descend from their futile pulpits and see that it is played well.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

"LA NAVE"? OR THE CLOAC MASSIMA?

"TRUTH will out"—and the leading characteristic, be it vicious or virtuous, of the poet or playwriter, however he may strive to veil his personality in his writings, will make its way to the surface. But, be it said of the subject of this article, he is above (or below?) any attempts to disguise his besetting sin—as far as he can be judged by his literary productions!

It is popularly supposed that the Cloaca Massima of Rome, the mighty sewer through which hourly passes all the impurities of the Eternal City, committing them to the long-suffering Tiber, is "well worth visiting," as the familiar Baedeker would say; also it is probable that in its way the Romans of to-day are proud of it. In somewhat the same way Italians are proud of their literary Cloaca Massima, and Gabriele D'Annunzio will certainly find no reason to quarrel with us as to the application of the title to him and his works.

The equally popular idea, however, that all the educated classes of Italians delight in or entirely "revel in" the mud, etc., which he spreads before them openly and unashamedly, is utterly incorrect. Some of the most scathing criticisms and disapproval of D'Annunzio's continuous appeals to the sensual side of his countrymen have been uttered by the talented contributors to the greater Italian papers. And, as a case in point, we can refer to a long—well, not *appreciation*, rather a *disappreciation* of his last play (the tragedy called *La Nave—The Ship*), which appeared in a recent number of the *Avvenire d'Italia*, and a shorter review in the *Corriere della Sera*—the first a Bolognese, the second the well-known Milanese paper. From beginning to end the critics lament that the undoubted genius of D'Annunzio should be so invariably employed in bringing out the sensual side, only too latent, always in all that he works upon. He has, according to the writer-critic in the *Avvenire*, in this last play managed in the most extraordinarily skilful manner, "*con una arte che è sua, e sua peculiare specialité*"—"in a way of his own, and which is his particular *specialité*" (a compliment indeed), succeeded in impregnating one scene in particular and the whole work in general with a powerful undertone, a destructive, demoralising, current of sensuality, of unnerving, unmanning "decadence," and the play in its entirety is fully of suggestion in its worst sense, "*la nota soggettiva che è uno dei tarli roditori*," as the strong Italian phrase puts it—"one of the worms *eating away* the heart of the ship; and, the critic adds, it is entirely unnecessary even as accessory to the play, and the play is not only unaided, but is spoilt by this suggestiveness. The creation of Basiliola, into which D'Annunzio has put all the power he possesses, and which alone stands out in the play as an original conception of the destructive power of a perfidious, cruel, fierce, and lascivious woman, is at the same time the one figure which has no real place in the scheme of the play entitled *La Nave*. As a matter of fact, the name has hardly anything to do with the play, or the play with it. *The Ship* is conspicuous by its absence, and D'Annunzio should have placed his plot anywhere else than in Venice in a period when its people were about to assert themselves and begin their career as rulers of the Adriatic, and he should have called it by the name of its leading protagonist—"Basiliola, or the days of Constantinople the Corrupt." Then he would have been still more free to let loose the steed Licentiousness, which stands ready ever in his stables for his master to mount, and he could have been spared the effort of having to evoke the name of "Christ and His Saints," as he does at the finish of the most un-Christlike performances of the Venetian populace. It is said that the poet, in referring to his own latest production, spoke of it as a "Christian tragedy." Possibly D'Annunzio based this idea on the fact that his tragedy is rather blasphemously dedicated "to God"! for the play has much of D'Annunzio, but remarkably little of Christ in it. It is true that priests figure in a temple in one scene, and polemical battles are very badly fought in public and during an orgy, which it is

a disgrace to produce on the stage; but except for that, and for the confused shouts of the multitude at the finish of the play of the name of "Cristo" coupled with those of some popular saints, we cannot see anything whatever even dimly shadowing a "Christian tragedy" anywhere. *The Ship* is reported as being under weigh for other countries; and doubtless, once "up anchor" she will visit our shores. We heartily wish she would remain where she is in her own port—viz., in the Tiber, and take up her permanent anchorage, if exist she must, near by her true sister ship—"The Cloaca Massima." R. E.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Complete Poetical Works of George Darley.
Edited, with an introduction, by RAMSAY COLLES.
(Routledge, 1s. net.)

GEORGE DARLEY died more than sixty years ago, yet Mr. Ramsay Colles's book is the first complete edition of the poet ever published. This fact is significant, and at the same time a challenge. Was Darley a great poet?—was he even a good minor one? A poet must be very poorly equipped indeed if he is never great in fragments, but Darley's numerous bursts of genuine inspiration failed to impress the public of his day, and his reputation, throughout his lifetime, was confined to his own small circle of fellow workers. Mr. Colles has succeeded, however, in unearthing Darley's poetical writings, and the volume may be accepted, therefore, as the final appeal of the poet for general recognition. Few admirers of good poetry will disagree with the verdicts of such widely differing personalities as Thomas Carlyle and Charles Lamb. The first-named referred appreciatively to Darley's "real lyrical genius"—the second singled him out for praise from amongst the numerous company that contributed to the *London Magazine*. Darley's life was comparatively uneventful. He was born in Dublin in 1795, educated at the local university, taking his degree in 1820, and two years later came to London and published his first volume of verse. "The Errors of Ecstasie and Other Pieces" was as undistinguished as it was ambitious, and it is not surprising that it was a failure. But it served to introduce him to the *London Magazine*, for by 1823 he was a regular contributor with Charles Lamb and others. In the circumstances it was easy to enlarge his circle of acquaintances, and soon Darley knew such men as Hood, Procter, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Allan Cunningham, and Talfourd. Later he became a constant writer for the *Athenaeum*, and, if he failed as a poet, at any rate achieved success as a journalist. All the time, however, he made no secret of his ambition to become a recognised poet, and it is evident that his imagination was fired by the doings of his great contemporaries. Perhaps it was his especial misfortune to live in an age when great poets were plentiful and recognition was very difficult to obtain. But he never lost faith in himself, and continued to publish until he had several volumes to his credit. "Seven long years," he wrote to Miss Mitford, "I lived on a charitable saying of Coleridge's that he sometimes liked to take up 'Sylvia'." This pathetic phrase expresses the nature of the man whose pen seemed too weak for his brain. His chance seemed to be near when Wordsworth and Coleridge were no longer to be counted upon for new work, but when these two poetical stars were fading another arose in the person of Alfred Tennyson, and the result was further obscurity for Darley. It cannot be said that the age erred. Darley was, undoubtedly, a poet, though not a great one. All his principal pieces contain many memorable lines. "Nepenthe" opens well

and weakens towards the close; "Thomas a'Becket" is a good historical play of more than average merit; and "Sylvia" is chiefly distinguished for its lyrics. But on the whole it is difficult to award conscientiously more than ordinary praise to his longer works. They never suggest continuity of inspiration. In his shorter pieces, however, there are some gems, and such fine lyrics as "I've Been Roaming," "It is not Beauty I demand," "The Enchanted Lyre," and the six syren songs justify Mr. Colles in his endeavour to gain a reputation for their author. The editor's introduction is a most interesting and important contribution to the history of poetry in the early part of the nineteenth century, and might be taken as a model by more pretentious preface writers. Darley is never likely to live, unless it be in anthologies, and that is tantamount to being buried alive. Mr. Ramsay Colles, however, is to be congratulated, and so are the publishers, for the book is remarkable, alike in text and make-up, while the price is astonishing even in this era of cheapness.

The Garden That I Love. Second Series. By ALFRED AUSTIN. (Macmillan, 5s. net.)

SCORN it as we will, we cannot resist the suspicion that Mr. Austin is satirising himself with an admirable and acute candour. We have indeed scorned the notion, for our Laureates have seldom been men of humour, and we have argued that to suspect Mr. Alfred Austin of satirical purpose is to yield to an almost incredible extravagance of fancy. In vain we argue: surely he is satirising himself when he writes in this new series of papers: "The old that is really good and great is always new, and the new that is bad or mediocre is old the day after it is born." And, again, in this book of infinite complacency: "There is no inevitable connection between the goodness or badness of work, and the pains or pleasure a man takes in doing it." What purpose save a satirical one can the book serve? There are passages of conversation as deadly as the worst of Mr. Pinero's; witness this on the subject of the relative appreciation of Byron and Tennyson, the former of whom he terms the supreme modern master of words, and asks if the "Isles of Greece" is not the finest lyric in the language:

Would it not be interesting to enquire what these recurring oscillations of taste and preference depend on? In respect of what Lamia has been suggesting, I am disposed to suspect that the explanation is to be sought in the circumstance whether the age happens to be mainly masculine or predominantly feminine in character, etc., etc.

We will gladly concede that the passages concerned simply with gardens are frequently interesting, and reveal the pleasant familiarity with garden delights which the Poet Laureate's earlier books have made us acquainted with; but we do grow heartily tired of the constant transition, transition often most violent, abrupt, and astonishing, from flowers to books and from books to flowers. Nor can we honestly say that the volume is improved by the verses scattered through it. We will quote one sonnet, as clearly and fairly representative of the shoddy verse as the previous extracts of the shabby prose:

GREAT NUPTIALS.

Now for great nuptials let the bells be rung,
And immemorial symphonies resound,
From high-groined roof time-tattered bannerets hung,
And flowers round porch and pillar wreathed and wound,
For Soul with Mind is coming to be wed,
Feeling with Intellect to seal its troth,
Inseparable bond 'twixt heart and head,
With hierarch Wisdom dominating both.
A splendid offspring shall from them be born,
Poetry, first and noblest of the breed,
Sculpture, and Song, and Painting, to adorn
Cathedrals open unto every Creed;
Race that shall never older grow than now,
But wear eternal youth upon their brow.

Surely, surely, we conclude, in desperate perplexity, the whole book is an exquisite parody, and Mr. Austin is shaking at our dulness of apprehension!

Old English Sports. By F. W. HACKWOOD. (Fisher Unwin, 10s.)

It is not easy to read an account of some of the sports of our forefathers without falling into a mood which is more Pharasaic than Christian, and thanking Providence, in the first place, that the English world has gone past the phase in which it could take delight in the fighting of cocks and dogs, the baiting of bears and bulls, and the like pastimes; and, in the second place, that our own little span of life on the earth did not fall in those times, when we too, no doubt, would have delighted in these cruelties. A good deal of this book is occupied with such sports which have grown distasteful to us. It was, no doubt, necessary that they should occupy some space in a volume purporting to give anything like a true report of the sports of our ancestors; but we do not think it was necessary that they should occupy so much space as we find allotted to them here, and cannot believe that many will take delight in reading of them at such length. However, the author very properly expresses his reprobation of them, so it is to be supposed that he did not assign the different chapters and pages without due reflection. A great deal of the book makes far more pleasant reading. We do not imagine that Mr. Hackwood even supposes himself to have found anything very new to say on a subject which necessarily must be treated by way of compilation from the works of former writers, but on the whole he seems to have made his compilation judiciously enough, and is to be congratulated on his selection of illustrations, chiefly from old prints. Of course, he has laid hands on such authors as Strutt and Walker, and taken from them what suited his purpose, which is, shortly told, to give a brief and connected sketch of the amusements with which the English people have amused themselves since the days in which they began to be amused. He puts this period somewhere in or after the Norman era, saying that it is impossible the Saxons can have found amusement in life, and debating the very vexed question when, if ever, England really had a claim to be described as "Merrie"! He concludes, on evidence which does not appear very conclusive, that this golden date is to be placed in the days of "Good Queen Bess." Hunting, hawking, jousting (which includes a sketch of the conditions of chivalry in England), tilting at the quintain, archery, shooting with the gun, horse-racing, ball-play, single-stick, wrestling, prize-fighting, and so on, are all passed in review, so that the book is really very comprehensive so far as its scope extends. It is a useful work of reference for the mere superficial aspects and the outlines of the history of these sports. We could well have done with a little more of the hunting and a little less of the "baiting" and fighting to which we alluded at the beginning of this notice, but on the whole the compilation achieves its purpose well. There is one admirable point about the insertion of the plates, some of which are coloured in the crude hues of the originals, that a reference is given below each to the page of the text in which some account of its subject appears. Oh, would that all illustrations in all books were thus dealt with! We should do much less of vain seeking and turning of pages if it were so.

FICTION

Sheaves. By E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

A NEW novel by the author of "Dodo" must always awaken in us a certain speculative interest, and if we have found "Sheaves" a little disappointing, we are ready to acknowledge that Mr. Benson's latest book shows no falling away from his high standards of

careful writing and subtle characterisation. But something more than these admirable qualities is required to make a good novel, and, after carefully perusing "Sheaves," we should hesitate to absolve Mr. Benson of the charge of having written splendidly about nothing at all. Can a widow of forty-two, who has had experiences with a drunken husband, and a boyish man of twenty-four achieve the perfect love? This is the problem, if it be a problem, that supplies Mr. Benson with his story, and it appears to us that, for all the intensity and polish of Mr. Benson's style, there are moments when the accomplished novel-reader will find the self-questionings of his heroine a little tedious. We fancy the average reader will share the mental attitude of Hugh and wonder what on earth is the matter, and certainly the touching death of the heroine in Switzerland leaves that rather important question unanswered. The minor characters are admirable, and every page in the book bears tribute to Mr. Benson's cleverness; but we question, as Mr. Swinburne questioned of "Atalanta in Calydon," whether the whole is greater than any part of it, and we own to quitting the volume at the three-hundredth page with a lively sense of dissatisfaction.

The Individualist. By PHILIP GIBBS. (Grant Richards, 6s.)

ALTHOUGH Mr. Philip Gibbs has earned for himself an enviable distinction in several fields of literature, we believe this to be his first essay in fiction. As such the book is certain to appeal to a large and influential circle of readers. "The Individualist" is the kind of story that publishers like to describe as "a tale of love and politics." Really it is a study in personality, and as such is to be praised for a piece of earnest and, at times, brilliant workmanship. There are two outstanding portraits in the book—the portrait of a woman, Alicia Frensham, and the portrait of a man, Stretton Wingfield. Both these studies are finely executed, bold in colour and design and scrupulous in detail. Stretton sounds the keynote of the book. He is a young man with a very fervent temperament, and there is in him a perpetual unrest of latent yet constantly stirring energies. He is a mental adventurer. Alicia is a country schoolmistress, charming by nature and quite beautiful. As a child she has been nurtured on the pleasant doctrines of Agnosticism, "free thought," and extreme Radicalism—in a word, she is a child of "progress." By some curious mischance, however, "progress," as this subtle word is understood by the economists of Manchester and the orators of Hyde Park, has not stifled all the natural cravings of her womanhood and spirit. She longs to express herself, and Stretton Wingfield offers her the opportunity for such expression in the satisfaction of his own appetite. Afterwards, when Stretton is moulding and strengthening the political party of "Individualists," Alicia resides openly under his protection and is the companion and favourite of those who have entered into a political alliance with her lover. As might be foreseen, the *dénouement* is tragic for Alicia, though the book ends on a promise of after happiness. So much for the plot. We will not dilate upon the political portraits in the story. Some may regard them as purely artificial, whilst others may well think that they are too faithful to certain originals. One may have many minor points of difference from Mr. Gibbs, but it is impossible to deny that he has written a strong, sincere, and living piece of work. As a first novel, "The Individualist" is an achievement of which he should be justly proud. It would be interesting to know how a certain young politician, very popular with the illustrated papers and very unpopular with his colleagues, regards the book, but it is unlikely that we shall ever possess this knowledge.

Sally Bishop. A Romance. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

MR. TEMPLE THURSTON has in his dedicatory letter explained his misuse of the word "romance," which he applies with foolish defiance to his commonplace tale; and he has also kindly pointed out the two chapters which are most likely in his opinion to shock the reader. They do not, however, seem more shocking than many other chapters, which offend, not from their dreadful daring or frankness, but from the carelessness of the writing and the clumsy arrogance of the attitude that they express towards life. The story tells how an agreeable girl, Sally Bishop, who is the daughter of a country clergyman, is seduced by a callous barrister; how she lives with him for three years, is deserted, and eventually commits suicide. It is written with an aggressive peevishness, and its course is continually being stopped by the preaching of an unhealthy doctrine of discontent. When Mr. Thurston tries to be powerful he succeeds only in being brutal; when he tries to be gentle he immediately becomes sentimental. The result is as dreary a book as can well be imagined. It is an unpleasant story, unpleasantly and badly told.

Mothers in Israel. By J. S. FLETCHER. (Murray, 6s.)

MR. FLETCHER is always good when he writes about Yorkshire, and at his best when he writes about the people in a Yorkshire village, and that is his theme in the present novel. He knows their dialect as he knows their habits and country, and the result is a valuable and interesting book. He calls it a study in rustic amenities. The minister of Applemarney has been forced to take a year's holiday, and a rising young preacher, named Warwick, comes to the village to take his place. You meet him first in the neighbouring town, and drive with him in the carrier Joseph's cart (Joseph is also the village chapel-keeper) to Applemarney, and with him become acquainted with the members of the small community. The two chief deacons, Mr. Hancock and Mr. Gill, who own the biggest farms in the neighbourhood, immediately pay him a state call, and bring invitations from their wives to high tea for the two following afternoons. The gist of the tale lies in the rivalry of these two women; each desires to be first in importance at the chapel. When Mrs. Gill announces at a church meeting that she is anxious to give money to have the inside of the chapel redecorated and repainted, at the next meeting Mrs. Hancock, not to be outdone, steps forward with the proposal to give an American organ and a new pulpit. But there is a rival faction; and when the Hancocks' bailiff proposes that at the opening ceremonies the new organ shall be played, not by the little schoolmistress, as usual, but by the respective daughters of Mrs. Gill and Mrs. Hancock the proposal is vetoed by a large majority, and the trouble begins in earnest. For with the little schoolmistress Mr. Warwick, the earnest young minister, is deeply in love. The rivals conspire together, and how these *Mothers in Israel*, as they like to call themselves, are caught in their own snare, is very deftly told by Mr. Fletcher, who does not fail to bring out the humour of the whole situation, while he treats his subject with perfect seriousness. It is a good piece of work and will increase Mr. Fletcher's reputation.

The Pest. By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (John Long, 6s.)

"THE PEST" is the tale of a beautiful but scarcely edifying young woman, who runs away from the very earnest curate to whom she is married, and secures the position of mistress to a young and talented artist. In course of time her wiles cause him to fall desperately in love with her, but she suffers from an

unquenchable desire to go to the bad, and her subsequent adventures, as faithfully related by Mr. Teignmouth Shore, may fairly be described as lurid. The volume ends with the suicide of the artist, on his discovery of his mistress's falseness, and we are left to conclude that that lady fulfils the destiny that attends persons of her unhappy temperament. The work is rather crudely written, though it improves as it goes on, and the character of its heroine makes it decidedly unpleasant reading. But the pictures of seamy life in London are both vivid and convincing.

Love and the Minor. By RATHMELL WILSON. (Greening & Co., 3s. 6d.)

THIS is the story of Ralph Verton, the wild young novelist, who loves, and subsequently marries, the country vicar's beautiful daughter, cutting out the curate who loves the same lady. We confess ourselves at a loss to understand the author's purpose in writing this book. In places his style and the characters of whom he writes suggest that he is a conscious parodist of the affected love-story, but, on the whole, he appears to desire that his book should be taken seriously as a genuine expression of life. If it be parody, he has made the mistake of being too subtle; if it be romance, he would have aided his readers in the comprehension of his theme by writing about real men and women and employing a less elated style. It is a mysterious little book.

The Imbeciles. By L. LOCKHART LANG. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

AFTER a debauch of serious reading it is pleasant to come upon a book possessing the amiable if unthinking flippancy of "The Imbeciles." A wealthy valetudinarian, weary of doctors, massage, and electric baths, decides to live the natural life on a small island off the west of Scotland, a scheme which involves the wearing of skins and the pursuit of wild animals with spears and bows and arrows. His sister and wife accompany him, and the former light-heartedly invites a company of queer guests, who accept the scheme with varying enthusiasm. We should hesitate to say that, given this opening, Mr. Lockhart Lang has made the most of his opportunities, for many of the adventures of the islanders are mere clowning, and the seriousness of the love passages emphasises this defect. But the fooling, even when it is touched with satire, is always good-natured, and the book may be recommended to those who preserve a taste for frivolous and unimproving reading. For our part, we enjoyed it.

Demos Awakes. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. (John Long, 6s.)

ALAN MACDONALD, junior partner of a large firm of art porcelain manufacturers in Snaresborough, is engaged to be married to Helen Roberson, the daughter of the head of the business. A strike is imminent among the factory hands, and a paid agitator, one Ezekiel Odgers, is on his way from London to stir them to revolt. This is the condition of affairs when the story opens. Odgers turns out to be a rogue, and is in the pay of a greater scoundrel than himself. Together they plot the ruin of Macdonald, and are only frustrated by a fortunate accident. The characters are handled well, and the best is made of a not very original plot. It is doubtful whether a man, with a fairly promising career before him, would, however rascally by nature, undertake such a dangerous and criminal piece of villainy as he attributes to Odgers, even for the sake of a heavy bribe.

DRAMA

"DIANA OF DOBSON'S" AT THE
KINGSWAY THEATRE

MISS LENA ASHWELL is not only a distinguished actress but she is also a most adventurous lady. To start in management with a play by an unknown dramatist shows immense nerve, to follow it by another play also by an unknown dramatist is in the highest spirit of adventure; and I wish that I could think that the new play was worthy of its sponsor. Not that it is by any means a bad play; each of the acts is interesting in itself, but as a whole it is wanting in homogeneity. There are three distinct episodes in the play, spread over four acts—the second and third acts dealing with the same episode—but the fusion of the three parts hardly strikes one as being as inevitable as it should. Diana is an assistant in a low-class draper's store, who in the midst of her drudgery becomes the possessor of £300. She makes up her mind to "live" by the aid of it for one month. The month is spent at Pontresina at a fashionable hotel, where a young Guardsman with £600 a year, whose income is largely augmented by a worldly aunt, falls in love with her. She explains as she is returning to her drudgery who and what she is, and in the shock they part with mutual recriminations. In the last act they meet at night on the Embankment almost starving; she because she cannot get work, and he because he is unsuccessfully trying to prove to himself, what she has denied is the case, that he has a money value in the world. The end is obvious.

The play is likely to be a success for three reasons: one is the novelty of the first act, which shows us the dormitory at Dobson's stores, with the young ladies getting to bed. It is sufficiently realistic to please even Peeping Tom. Two, is the melodramatic scene of the last act, with its policeman and the derelicts on a seat. Three, is the admirable acting of everyone in the play.

Miss Ashwell is, of course, Diana. There is a simplicity about her acting, especially in the quieter scenes, that produces a feeling of reality which has more effect on an audience than many tracts on the unemployed could have, and which would, I believe, even touch the heart of a member of the Charity Organisation Society. In the more impassioned scene with her lover she rises to those heights of indignation that we know so well in Miss Ashwell. Mr. C. M. Hallard, as Captain the Hon. Victor Bretherton, was excellent. The folly of the affluent young man about town was splendidly depicted, and when that yielded to a fierce desire to prove himself a man, Mr. Hallard was equally good. Mr. Dennis Eadie gave us a study of the prosperous, newly Baroneted, "h"-less business organiser, that was almost startling in its truth, and the same may be said of Miss Beryl Mercer's old woman of the Embankment. Mr. Norman McKinnel did all there was to do with the part of the sympathetic policeman, and Miss Frances Ivor gave an admirable caricature of the worldly aunt, Mrs. Cantelupe. The assistants at Dobson's were wonderfully portrayed by Misses Nannie Bennett, Christine Silver, Muriel Vox, and Doris Lytton. I have said thus much about the acting and thus little about the play itself because I am sure that in this case Miss Cicely Hamilton, its author, much as she is to be congratulated on such a first play, is still more to be congratulated on having it presented with such an excellent cast.

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

COCKNEY RHYMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I acknowledge great carelessness in having quoted "delight" as a word in which I hear and pronounce the consonant sound of "gh," or at any rate in which I ought to hear and pronounce it, for I can scarcely remember how long ago Professor Skeat taught me the proper spelling, and I thank him for having reminded me of it. However, I hope that the success of my letter may atone for my carelessness, since it produced three such interesting replies. As I fancy "T. S. O." may have divined, my main object was to offer him some opposition. I am not bigotedly assured of the truth of the thesis I was defending, though I think there is a good deal of truth in it. I am afraid that pressure of time will make my reply rather disjointed. I do pronounce "Lo!" differently from "low"—when I remember it, giving to the latter the consonant sound of "w" by completely closing the lips. I also make a difference in the final sound of "I," "eye," and "high," giving the second the sound of consonant "y," and to the last that of "gh." I repudiate in advance the charge of subserviency to spelling; your printer can corroborate my non-conformity. In the particular words that I quote I have justified myself for the occasion out of an obsolete dictionary, which is at hand. It shows corresponding differences in the words from which it pretends to derive them. I thoroughly distrust it and appeal to Professor Skeat. My care in pronunciation was originally a physical necessity similar to Demosthenes's, and is now also the expression of a wish to preserve and fix the subtly varying sounds of English. In these I think very much of the beauty of English poetry resides. I do not wish to "set up one poet against another"; some named by "T. S. O." I would not set up on any ground. But there are some, among whom I would certainly reckon Tennyson, so perfected by nature and training, that for me their practice is right, whatever etymology or prosody or grammar may have to say against it. There are others abundantly inspired, speaking to me out of the Burning Bush, whose practice I cannot accept as a law, notably Keats. Returning to "T. S. O.'s" letter more particularly, I must affirm that I do pronounce the "l" in "calm," the "p" in "psychology," and the "t" in "often." It is difficult to hear oneself, but I hope when I pronounce them that I do not emit the sounds produced by singers, actors, orators, and preachers on such occasions. I cannot admit that either of these classes offers a criterion for the pronunciation of English, nor do I think that "T. S. O." maintains that they do. Has not he heard well-trained singers sing "Arrum! Arrum, ye brave!?" Did he never hear the versicle in *The Corsican Brothers*: "You seem melancholly, Fabby-ang!" and Irving's pointed response: "I am mell'uk'ly?" The theory which I wish to advance is that "T. S. O." does himself pronounce the extra consonants, and that they are audible to foreigners, but not generally to us, because we are most of us phonetically deaf, not inarticulate. I cite as an example the deafness of the populace to certain consonants always pronounced by educated persons, and the deafness of educated persons to their own provincialisms in pronunciation which they deride in others, especially Cockneyism. I, of course, exaggerated "T. S. O.'s" original protest in order to make him answer the more technical parts of my letter. I fully agree with him that serious verse demands a beautiful pedantry in sounds. I would say, rather, that it is the natural pedant only who becomes the consummate poet. I repeat that I dislike "Cockney rhymes," but I still suggest that their use by such poets as Tennyson and Swinburne, in the full tide of their youthful inspiration, may indicate a natural change in the language such as those I quoted, which Professor Skeat has put back for us to the time of Lydgate. To Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie I must point out that I followed "T. S. O.'s" use of the term "Cockney rhymes," confining it to those which practically obliterate the consonant "r." These never occur in Milton; if they did I should accept them on the following principle: that rules of English spelling are not to be considered at all. If the sound represented by "r" on the Continent of Europe had to the ear of Milton so far faded out of such syllables that they rhymed to him pleasantly with syllables which never had the sound of "r," I should accept his taste as final. As regards "wool" and "pull," these are perfect rhymes, in spite of English prosodists; it is the spelling which is imperfect. I believe that "T. S. O." will agree. I submit that "falls" and "madrigals" were perfect also, if, as I believe, the last syllable of "madrigals" was

formerly pronounced *as if* written "—alls," though not perhaps actually so written. Perhaps someone will corroborate or refute this. At any rate, I fully agree with Mr. Abercrombie that "the ear" (of a great poet) "knows full well" "what rhymes are perfect." I beg him to excuse me for wresting his sentence; it still accords with the trend of his main argument, with which again I agree. You, sir, "T. S. O.," and I have not disagreed about allophonous vowel rhymes; we all accept them with pleasure. As regards allophonous consonant rhymes, I would with Mr. Abercrombie admit them when they are, "in their place, beautiful." Here, too, the poet takes the risk. I do contend that allophony should not be called "homophony," nor perfect rhymes "imperfect," because their spelling marks derivation, or caprice, or error, or chance, or nothing. I much regret that I cannot at the moment answer either of "T. S. O.'s" enquiries.

February 18.

L. L. A. S.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If Mr. Abercrombie had read my "protest," he would have seen that I made no objection to imperfect rhymes in general; on the contrary, I said they were sanctioned by practice and defensible in theory. I tried to draw a distinction, which may be summed up as follows. Rhymes like *over* and *cover* are unobjectionable in themselves, because the difference in pronunciation is clear; rhymes like *spirit* and *inherit* are doubtful, because readers may imagine that they are asked to say *sperrit*; rhymes like *dawn* and *morn*, *court* and *thought*, etc., are bad, because the speaker of Southern English will infallibly take them for perfect rhymes, which they are not. These last four words I am glad to find controverted by no one.

Prof. Skeat, to whom we all listen with deference, will probably tell us that words like *over* and *cover* were once perfect rhymes. Few people realise the changes that have occurred in English vocalisation since Shakespeare's day. Granting this, we have still to explain the continued use of such rhymes by our poets. When Tennyson closes the music of "In Memoriam" on the cadence :

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves—

I cannot believe that the italicised rhyme was chosen by him carelessly, or for want of a better, or in deference to some imaginary rule. I believe his ear liked the effect, as mine certainly does. But if he had supposed that any reader would wish to say *looves* or *muvs*, I believe he would not have used the rhyme.

Mrs. Browning is a beacon as to misuse of imperfect rhymes. Having perceived, I believe rightly, that their use is sometimes desirable, she deliberately adopted them wholesale, and defended herself for doing so. The result has been universal reprobation. I cannot agree with the total condemnation of her husband's rhyme-scheme in "Through the Metidja." It is a *tour de force*, by no means to be repeated, but we are the richer for having it. Browning's characteristic use of rhymes in general, and grotesque rhymes in particular, is a subject on which much might be said.

February 15.

Allow me to disclaim responsibility for the spelling of "Shalott" in my last letter. Your printer seems to have thought the lady presided over an onion!

"INFAMOUS TREATMENT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you and your readers kindly give me your opinions on this?

I recently sent several poems to an illustrated London daily, which does insert verses in every issue. They were declined, *quite irrespective* of their merit, on the ground of my name not being well enough known! They only used, they said, poems by well-known writers. Do the following facts warrant my claim to be among those?

(1) I was called by Mr. Quiller-Couch "one of the sweetest of Devon singers now alive," and this in a *review* in the *Speaker*.

(2) The late H. D. Traill included me in his list of Minor Poets in the *Nineteenth Century* (March, 1892). Before doing this he read one of my volumes of verse.

(3) I was included in the last list published of living poets and in many anthologies.

(4) Mr. Churton Collins highly praised my Hexameters and a lyric I sent him.

To crown all, the paper in question constantly inserts poems with unknown names attached, including "Anon."! Is he a well-known poet?

F. B. DOVETON.

P.S.—If I am wrong in my protest I apologise all round, but if right I think I am infamously treated by the journal in question.

ROYAL AMATEUR ART SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Annual Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society will be held this year, by kind permission of the Speaker and Mrs. Lowther, at the Speaker's House, Palace of Westminster, from 2nd to the 6th of April. Interesting prints of old Westminster, and a number of works of art by distinguished French amateurs, will be included in the Exhibition. The profits will be divided between London Nursing Charities and the Westminster Hospital Fund. Intending exhibitors are invited to communicate with the Hon. Mrs. Mallet, 38 Rutland Gate, S.W.

F. L. M. LYTE.

AN ENQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Can (and, if so, will) your contributor on Chinese and Japanese Fiction give me any information about a book which I have, entitled :

HAU KIOU CHOAN :

or

The Pleasing History.

A

Translation from the Chinese Language, to which are added, etc., etc.

In Four Vols.

London : Printed for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall Mall.

MDCCCLXI.

Is it a real translation or is it a hoax? Whose work is it supposed to be, and is it particularly rare or precious?

I should be very grateful for any information, which I have sought in vain from other quarters.

H. PERRY ROBINSON.

"GENIUS LOCI"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The pretty article entitled "Genius Loci," published in your issue of January 25th, an appreciative review of Vernon Lee's "Sentimental Traveller," much amuses and surprises Vernon Lee's friends and admirers by assuming that the "Sentimental Traveller" is written by an old lady of the conventional pretty-old-age type that some of us have been fortunate enough to meet with in real life, gentle, delicate, white-haired, reminiscent, etc. A greater contrast to the real Vernon Lee could hardly be imagined. To begin with, the distinguished writer who shelters under the well-known pseudonym is not old. Her hair is still dark, she is active and vigorous physically as mentally, an appearance that belongs rather to the Mid-Victorian emancipated woman of the best intellectual type, clinging even now to a certain severity of costume and some masculine touches in the same, adopted by many leaders in thought amongst the women of the nineteenth century.

The depth and range of power in her conversation is rather masculine than feminine in its knowledge and general outlook; the true woman in her finds expression in benevolent action; and the feminine grace that is within shows in the charm and grace of her writing, the pure literary art of a refined and subtle mind.

Your reviewer refers to "Irene's great-great-grandmother," and declares that in the book under review "all is sweet and gentle and touched with that indefinite grace which age alone can lend"; and again, "you cannot but feel in the presence of a very distinguished and beautiful old lady"; closing with "Age has lent her added grace and dignity, and has taken away none of the hopefulness and vitality which are supposed to belong to youth."

One feels in reading this in the presence of a very, very young person, to whom people of thirty are middle-aged and those of forty are quite old! But even this young person would, on seeing her, scarcely dub Vernon Lee "an old lady."

Surely this error should be corrected lest a myth form around a distinguished name to the confusion of future biographers!

A CONTEMPORARY OF VERNON LEE.

[Our reviewer writes: "I endeavoured to express the impression which the volume of essays gave me. I much regret that any friend of the distinguished writer should find offence in my remarks, but venture to think that only those who measure age by the unreal standard of actual years could misunderstand the spirit in which those remarks were written."]

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND THEIR ASSISTANTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—In December last you published some severe remarks on free libraries and their staffs, and pointed out that library assistants are greatly underpaid. The statement, being general, may be doubted by many readers. May I therefore draw attention to two recent advertisements, which show not only the wages offered, but what some library committees expect?

In September last the Leeds Public Library Committee invited:

Applications for the joint position of assistant librarian at the Central Library and librarian of a Branch Library. Previous experience in a Public Library and a knowledge of cataloguing necessary. Commencing salary £80 per annum, rising by annual increments of £5 to £100 per annum.

The Corporation of the County Borough of Sunderland are now going one better—or worse. They announce that they are about to appoint two assistant librarians to assist in the organisation of three branch libraries:

Applicants must produce proof of good education and a thorough training of at least five years in Public Library work, which is to include a practical knowledge of the Dewey System of Classification, and of cataloguing in English, Latin, and French. Commencing salary £65 per annum.

A rush for these appointments is evidently expected, as canvassing the committee is strictly prohibited.

It is, I think, clear that if the Corporation of the County Borough of Sunderland are justified in their action, then the Leeds Library Committee are open to the charge of recklessly squandering the ratepayers' money. But perhaps the Corporation of the County Borough of Sunderland think that there should be a reduction for taking a quantity!

When a Corporation offers twenty-five shillings a week to a man of good education, who has had five years' training in a public library, is able to catalogue books in three languages, and to classify works in the whole of human knowledge according to a special system, we are surely getting near enough to a sweating system to justify a strong protest.

The Corporation of the County Borough of Sunderland, however, are not satisfied with the above, for they stipulate that the successful candidates shall (presumably within their own time and at their own cost) take the Library Association Correspondence Classes.

In your article above referred to you stated that "the intellectual equipment of free library assistants is not greatly above that of a booking clerk at a railway station." The Corporation of the County Borough of Sunderland are determined that *their* library assistants shall have a much higher intellectual equipment, but they evidently do not mind the weekly wages being the same as those of the booking-office clerks.

We librarians may not all agree with your criticisms, but we certainly owe you a debt of gratitude for drawing attention to what is really becoming a public scandal.

February 15.

G. T. S.

"THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—In reply to those who argue that it has recently been discovered that the awful persecution of the early Protestants, if not an entire myth, was, at any rate, an exaggeration, I should like to ask by what recent discovery or curious manipulation of history has it been made out that all our ancient history is mistaken except by those whose interest it is to keep back such dreadful facts in history during the dark ages of Popery, when even kings trembled at the thunders which

proceeded from the seven hills of Rome (Rev. x. 4) during more than the twelve centuries of the predicted reign of Anti-christ (2 Thess. ii. 4) which should "wear out the saints of the Most High" (Dan. vii. 25). Have they ever read the sad "History of the Pious Waldensian Church," by Dr. Wylie (published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., price 1s. 6d.), or Motley's "Dutch Republic, and the French inroads instigated by the various Popes of Rome"? As the Waldensian persecution was not stopped until the brave Oliver Cromwell threatened the Pope that the British guns should be heard in the streets of Rome if his cruel edict for their extinction were not rescinded (Macaulay), which soon brought him to his senses, so the Popish persecution did not cease in the Netherlands until Marlborough crushed the terrible power of Louis XIV., from which he never recovered, and thereby secured the Protestant succession of the English Crown, which was in danger of a Jacobite influence both in England and France. What shall we say of the human bonfires in our own country during the five years of "bloody" Queen Mary's reign? To show that the thirst for blood of that ten-horned dragon is as keen as ever it was, if only it had a chance to show it, the Papal Episcopal oath is as follows: "Heretics, schismatics (i.e., Protestants), and rebels to my said lord (i.e., the Pope) and his successors, I will to the utmost of my power persecute and wage war with." The mystical Babylon is so drunken with blood (Rev. xvii. 6) that she does not know she has been drinking. That system "builds up her Zion with blood, and her Jerusalem with iniquity" (Micah iii. 10).

History records the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, which seemed good unto that "first-born of Satan" Gregory XIII., so much so that he walked in procession from the Church of St. Peter's to the Church of St. Lewis, to return thanks to God for so happy a result, and caused several medals to be struck to perpetuate the memory of the event ("Fleury's Eccles. Hist.", vol. xxiii., book 170, p. 557). It seemed good unto the Popes of Rome, or Antichrist, to persecute unto death the poor, pious Waldenses, concerning whom the poet Milton exclaimed, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints!"—and to slay with all the refined horrors which men and devils could devise, in the dungeons of the Inquisition, many millions of the poor Protestants who preferred to obey God rather than man with his blasphemous pretensions. They realised Christ's prediction in John xvi. 2, "That whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." What that day will reveal "when the earth shall disclose her blood, and no more cover her slain!" (Isaiah xxvi. 21).

M.A.(CANTAB.).

[When Arthur Clennam was a little boy, he had to spend a great part of each Sunday with "a horrible tract," which "commenced business" by asking him "why he was going to Perdition . . . and which, for the further attraction of his infant mind, had a parenthesis in every other line with some such hiccupping reference as 2 Ep. Thess., c. iii., v. 6 and 7." It would seem that "M.A.(Cantab.)" must have passed his infancy under somewhat similar conditions. His apocalyptic references and interpretations recall a certain prophetic journal, which used to be—perhaps still is—full of the Ten-horned Dragon; though, so far as we can remember, the Horns pierced the Napoleonic Dynasty as frequently as the Papacy. "M.A.(Cantab.)" also recalls a delightful personage, one Andrew Fairservice, who spoke of the "muckle hure that sitteth upon the Seven Hills, as if ane were not enough for her auld hinder end." Seriously, we are not aware that anybody has denied the existence of the Marian Burnings, though we have heard the Elizabethan Disembowellings dismissed as purely political punishments. Perhaps Cromwell and the Puritans generally are not the most happy instances of toleration that could be chosen. The former, amidst many similar pieties, sold seven thousand of his countrymen into slavery in the West Indies: the régime of the saints of New England is too well known to need more than a reference.—ED.]

A CORRECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—Your reviewer is very much in error when he says that there is nothing to indicate that the thirty-eight sketches of which Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "Pocketful of Sixpences" consists are reprinted from the daily papers. Not all, but many, are reprinted from a daily paper—the *Manchester Guardian*—the rest appeared in the *Cornhill*, *Putnam's Monthly*, the *Albany Review*, and the *Optimist*. These facts are duly stated in a postscript at the end of the book.

February 18.

GRANT RICHARDS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

Dobson, Austin. *William Hogarth*. Heinemann, 6s. net.
Essays on Art. By John Hoppner, R.A. Edited and with an Introduction by Frank Rutter. Griffiths, 2s. 6d. net.
 Konody, P. G. *The Brothers Van Eyck*. Bell, 1s. 6d.
 Cust, R. H. Hobart. *Botticelli*. Bell, 1s. net.

BIOGRAPHY

Liebich, Mrs. Franz. *Claude-Achille Debussy*. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.
 Gosse, Edmund. *Ibsen*. Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1908. Dean.
Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. Edited by J. Hastings. Vol. II. Clark, 21s. net.
London Diocese Book for 1908. Edited by the Rev. Prebendary Glendinning Nash. S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

Synge, J. M. *The Tinker's Wedding*. Maunsell, 2s. net.
Deirdre. By A. E. Maunsell, 1s.
 Hardy, Thomas. *The Dynasts*. Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.
 Fogerty, Elsie. *The Queen's Jest*. Swan Sonnenschein, 6d. net.
The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Vol. I. Heinemann, 4s.

EDUCATIONAL

Perry, W. J. *History of England*. Vol II. Relfe, 3s.
The Ideal Senior Poetry Book. Relfe, 9d.
 Perry, W. J. *The Junior Physical Geography*. Relfe, 1s.
 Carter, George. *Esra, Nehemiah, and Esther*. Relfe, 1s. 6d.
 Brooksbank, F. H. *Essay and Letter Writing*. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
Blackie's English Texts. *Plutarch's Life of Julius Caesar*. *The Coming of Arthur*. *The Knights of the Round Table*. *Cowley's Essays*. *The Siege of Syracuse*. Blackie, 6d. each.
 Endecott, F. C. *A School Course in Physics*. Blackie, 2s. 6d.
Vocabulary to Caesar's Gallic War. *Vocabulary to Virgil*. Blackie, 1s. each.
 Rouse, W. H. D. *A Greek Reader*. Blackie, 2s. 6d. net.
 Bridgett, R. C. *Experimental Trigonometry*. Blackie, 1s.
 Weaver, Franklin J. *English History Illustrated, from Original Sources, 1603-1660*. Black, n.p.
 Stirling, Amelia Hutchison. *A Sketch of Scottish Industrial and Social History*. Blackie, 1s. 6d.
Lessons on Cures. Blackie, 6d.
Poésies Choisies. *Le Coup de Pistolet*. Blackie, 4d. and 6d.
Le Cid et Horace. Blackie, 6d.
A Dream of Fair Women and Tithonus. *The Palace of Art and Ulysses*. Blackie, 2d. each.

FICTION

Sillery, Major C. *A Curtain of Cloud*. Blackwood, 6s.
 Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc. *The Pulse of Life*. Heinemann, 6s.
 Moffett, Cleveland. *A King in Rags*. Appleton, 6s.
 Harris, Miriam Coles. *The Tents of Wickedness*. Appleton, 6s.
 Kernahan, Coulson. *The Red Peril*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
 Hurst, Edward H. *Mystery Island*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
 Burgess, Gelett. *The White Cat*. Chapman and Hall, 6s.
 Swift, Benjamin. *The Death Man*. Chapman and Hall, 6s.
 Meadows, Alice Maud. *The Odd Trick*. Long, 6s.
 Appleton, G. W. *The Willoughby Affair*. Long, 6s.
 Gould, Nat. *The Top Weight*. Long, 2s.
 Castle, Agnes and Egerton. *Flower o' the Orange*. Methuen, 6s.
 Stevenson, J. G. *A Lifted Veil*. Clarke, 6s.
 Drew, Sara. *The Girl Behind*. Ouseley, 1s. net.
 Nowell, Edith. *Which?* Ouseley, 3s. 6d.
 Eyre, John. *Condemned to Death*. Ouseley, 6s.

Cobb, Thomas. *The Chichester Intrigue*. Lane, 6s.
 Hunt, Violet. *White Rose of Weary Leaf*. Heinemann, 6s.
 Sykes, J. A. C. *Mark Alston*. Eveleigh Nash, 6s.
 Chesney, Weatherley. *The Romance of a Queen*. Chatto and Windus, 6s.
 Scott, John Reed. *Beatrix of Clare*. Grant Richards, 6s.
 Turner, Reginald. *Imperial Brown of Brixton*. Chapman and Hall, 6s.
 Armour, Frances J. *The Brotherhood of Wisdom*. Brown Langham, 6s.
 Hill, Headon. *Radford Shone*. Ward Lock, 6s.
 Jacob, Violet. *The History of Aythan Waring*. Heinemann, 6s.
 Courlander, Alphonse. *Eve's Apple*. Fisher Unwin, 6s.
 Murray, David Christie. *Demos Awakes*. Long, 6s.
 Shore, W. Teignmouth. *The Pest*. Long, 6s.
 De Morgan, William. *Somehow Good*. Heinemann, 6s.
For My Name's Sake. Translated by L. M. Leggatt. Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d.
Canon Sheehan's Short Stories. Burns and Oates, 1s. net.
 Fletcher, J. S. *Mothers in Israel*. Murray, 6s.
 Warden, Gertrude. *The Dancing Leaves*. Ward Lock, 6s.
 Reynolds, Mrs. Fred. *St. David of the Dust*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
 Middlemass, Jean. *An Evil Angel*. Digby Long, 6s.
 Dawson, Warrington. *The Scourge*. Methuen, 6s.
 Noble, Edward. *The Grain Carriers*. Blackwood, 6s.
 Orczy, Baroness. *Beau Brocade*. Greening, 6s.
 McEnery, John. *The Vision of the Foam*. Greening, 6s.
 Whitelaw, David. *The Gang*. Greening, 3s. 6d.
Clementina's Highwayman. By Robert Neilson Stephens and George Hembert Westley. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
 Gibbs, Philip. *The Individualist*. Grant Richards, 6s.
 Gull, C. Ranger. *The Patron Saint*. White, 6s.
 Phillipotts, Eden. *The Mother*. Ward Lock, 6s.
 Ellesmere, The Earl of. *The Standertons*. Heinemann, 6s.
 Wood, H. V. Wiber. *Under Masks*. Sisley's, 6s.
 Yardley, Maud H. *Nor All Your Tears*. Sisley's, 6s.
 Black, Clementina. *Caroline*. Murray, 6s.
 Wyndham, Horace. *Irene of the Ringlets*. Milne, 6s.
 Becke, Louis. *The Call of the South*. Milne, 6s.
 Playne, C. E. *The Terror of the Macdughotts*. Fisher Unwin, 6s.
 Gleig, Charles. *Julian Winterson*. Werner Laurie, 6s.
 Drake, Maurice. *Lethbridge of the Moor*. Werner Laurie, 6s.
 Yorke, Curtis. *Their Marriage*. Long, 6s.
 Darche, Muriel. *The Porters of Woodthorpe*. Long, 6s.
 Randall, F. J. *Love and the Ironmonger*. Lane, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Sherman, Ellen Burns. *Words to the Wise and Others*. Bell, 6s. net.
A Treasury of English Literature. Arranged by Kate M. Warren. *Old English, 700-1200; 1200 to Age of Elizabeth*. Constable, 1s. net.
 Green, E. Tyrrell. *Towers and Spires*. Wells Gardner, Darton, 10s. 6d.
Are we a Stupid People? By One of Them. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 5s. net.
 Belloc, Hilaire. *On Nothing, and Kindred Subjects*. Methuen, 5s.
 Steuart, Katharine. *Richard Kennoway and his Friends*. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.
Confessio Medici. By the writer of "The Young People." Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.
 Bower, F. O. *The Origin of a Land Flora*. Macmillan, 18s. net.
 O'Donnell, F. Hugh. *Paraguay on Shannon*. King, 6s.
 Warren, W. P. *Thoughts on Business*. Nash, 1s. net.
 Watson, Aaron. *A Great Labour Leader*. Masters, 15s. net.
 Jannaway, Frank G. *A Godless Socialism*. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 3d.
 Pycraft, W. P. *A Book of Birds*. Appleton, 6s. net.
 Calvert, A. F. *Goya*. John Lane, 3s. 6d. net.
 Watson, E. H. Lacon. *Benedictine*. Brown Langham, 1s. net.

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Sir Hubert Von Herkomer
 AND
 PUBLIC OPINION

Sir Hubert Herkomer, the distinguished artist, writing from Bushey to the Editor of "Public Opinion," says, on February 11th, 1908:—

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